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Torture

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Rose Styron

At the Death – *John Osborne*
CIA in Flux – *Stanley Karnow*
The Cox Investigation – *Walter Pincus*
Fuel Foolishness – *The Editors*

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RONALD SANDERS

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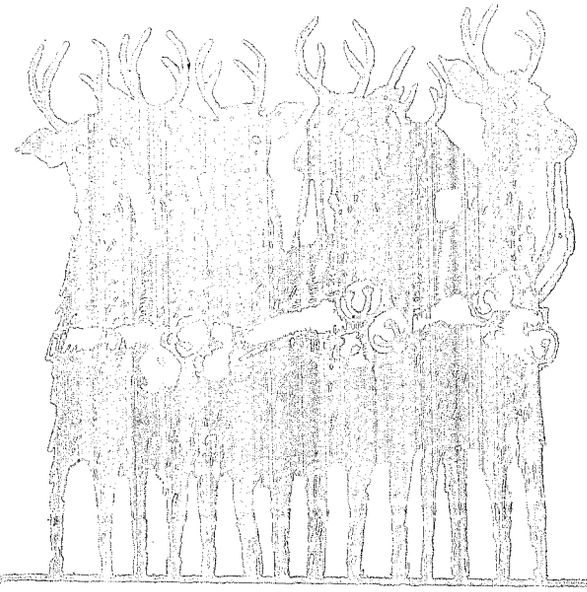

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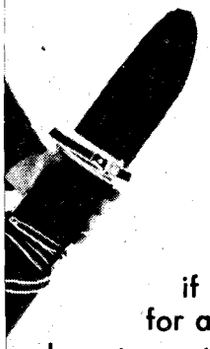

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TRB

from Washington
December 8, 1973

Jerry and Harry

Around the time you read this we may have a new Vice President. And before long he could be President. He is Jerry Ford, Mr. Middle America.

Things are so strained here that many people think any change would be an improvement. In the oil shortage, for example, Mr. Nixon's leadership capability is so eroded that he seems to be softening the full facts for the public. That's the cost of a crippled President. An Executive in full command could recommend brutal remedies and absorb the consequent griping, but Mr. Nixon is forced to inch along, step by step. He may be deceiving himself, of course, when he hopefully forecasts that the crisis may last only a year but we suspect he is temporizing. The great weight of gloomy evidence here is that the situation will get worse.

That's what investors think. In less than four weeks Wall Street has lost $20 billion in values and the near-panic is worldwide. Wall Street prices, of course, are paper values. No prediction is possible through the present murk. That's because nothing like the oil shortage has happened before; the world has never heretofore seen the sudden constriction in supply of a universal industrial essential. Talk about "one world"! A few nomads on camels living on deserts 4000 miles away have shut down General Motors' Cadillac plants!

So how about Jerry Ford? One thing his confirmation will do, it will make it a lot easier for a number of wavering Republicans to vote impeachment-indictment if they want to. They wouldn't have done it while Spiro's old chair was vacant. And it must have some effect, too, on Mr. Nixon's lonely reveries. We don't think he will quit, but just the same the confirmation of an understudy must play some part in the equations he sets down in those neat notes he makes on that yellow pad of his.

Here are two sets of comments on Jerry Ford, a sort of personality balance sheet: Credits: He's honest. These adjectives (we think) also apply: frank, popular, modest, outgoing, loyal, uncomplicated, healthy, rational (doesn't call opponents "enemies"), decent, (wouldn't burglarize Watergate). And also solid, stable and reliable. Oh, yes, did we say it before, honest.

Debits: Inexperienced, limited, plodding, low-initiative, unimaginative, anti-civil rights, anti-social welfare, anti-labor, anti-the Future.

Maybe we are unfair. After all Jerry Ford's job as opposition leader was to *oppose*. He undertook to put together a coalition of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats who would battle the Democrats and above all in recent days supply the one-third-plus-one to uphold presidential vetoes.

In a new role he might take a broader view. We are reminded, for example, of the magazine description of a prominent figure depicted as a mediocre machine politician, a representative of the small-town, middle-class viewpoint, a racist, a nonideological broker who lacks a grasp of the fundamental issues facing America and the world. Yes, says the article, he is an honest and devoted public servant, no doubt; but if he should become President "he would tend to drift with events and follow the path of least resistance." Jerry Ford? Not at all; the article is from *Common Sense*, October 1944, and is quoted by Ohio University historian Alonzo Hamby in his new book, *Beyond the New Deal: Harry S. Truman & American Liberalism* (Columbia; $12.95). We are talking about Harry Truman.

A lot of people are getting comfort today by comparing Ford with Truman, and there is a certain parallel. Both men were professional politicians for whom party regularity was a way of life; both were squares; both were nervous with intellectuals; both started with limited outlooks and had little contact with minority groups, ghetto problems or world affairs. "Essentially," Hamby says of Truman, "he was a party man whose career reflected the course of the mainstream of the Democratic Party in the twentieth century." Exactly; substitute "Republican" for "Democrat" in the previous sentence and you describe Jerry Ford.

Yes, under certain circumstances, Ford might make a good President. The circumstances would be an absence of major problems at home and abroad. He would be frank, restful, friendly and would consult with a lot of people before making comfortable conservative decisions. Most of us are cheered at just the thought of returning to that kind of a world. It would be back to Eisenhower, not Truman; a caretaker President.

But this isn't 1952. Abroad we are challenged by the start of the Age of Scarcity, with oil the beginning and a dozen other essential raw materials coming after. At home we have accumulated through Vietnam a backlog of explosive social problems. They are there, you can almost hear the termites boring. It is like the day in Harry Truman's White House when the piano started to go through the floor! There is concentrated corporate power; race; inequality of income and ugly tax system to feed it; lack of rudimentary social services like health insurance; lack of gun control and as a result our incredible rate of crime-by-violence for which America is unique; and inspiring but often exasperating government that needs to be modernized at nearly every point, where rich men buy elections, Congress hands over its authority and we haven't even got around yet to mothballing that delightful old stagecoach, the electoral college.

Ford isn't Truman. Truman's first major Senate speech lambasted rail and insurance financial manipulations. It sounds corny now, maybe, but he said that Carnegie libraries were "steeped in the blood of the Homestead steel workers."

In 25 years likable Jerry Ford has never fathered a major piece of legislation; his sole big initiative was trying to get Justice Douglas impeached. In confirmation hearings the AFL-CIO found his record 94 percent anti-labor; NAACP leader Clarence Mitchell attacked him on his civil rights stand. Contrast this with Truman. Labor backed him. When he left the White House he got a letter from Roy Wilkins: "You carry with you the gratitude and affectionate regard of millions of your Negro fellow citizens who in less than a decade of your leadership have seen the old order change right before their eyes."

Jerry must grow to fill Harry's shoes.

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Fuel Foolishness

As the nation stumbles into a period of shortage and self-restraint, there are some who still insist the energy crisis is a hoax, notwithstanding the oil embargo and the President's urgent appeals to save fuel. The reason for the prevalent skepticism is not hard to find. Faced with the choice of admitting either that the Nixon administration blundered badly or that it fabricated a crisis, the doubters opt for conspiracy theories, à la Watergate. Distrust of official pronouncements runs deep. And indeed, until a couple of months ago, the energy "crisis" *did* include much that was contrived. The present Arab embargo, however, is as real and unrelenting as the winter frost, and now, nearly two months after being hit with it, the government has begun to put into effect the first strong restrictions on the use of oil, gasoline and electricity, so that a relatively modest cutback in all imports will not wreck the economy and strangle some isolated areas of the country. The success of Nixon's program depends primarily on its novelty and on the willingness of people to believe there is a shortage and act accordingly. So far it has been a crisis of statistics and proclamations only.

The shortage won't hit home until the first tanker returns from the Middle East with an empty hold, and that's not expected until the middle of December. By the end of this year, the experts tell us, we should be feeling the pinch at slightly less than half-strength: they predict a shortfall in petroleum imports of about 1.4 million barrels a day. By midwinter the deficit could rise to 3.5 million barrels a day, creating an overall oil shortage of about 20 percent. These numbers are supplied by the government, but they are only guesses based on unverified statistics drawn up by the petroleum industry itself. This is one of the major follies of our current energy policy, one reason that oil conspiracies are widely suspected, and cannot be proved or disproved. There are no independent government figures on energy supply or on reserves that do not come from the oil and gas industry. Even data on fuel that lies within the boundaries of federal property (as described by James Ridgeway, *TNR*, August 18&25, 1973), come from the drillers, pumpers and shippers who lease the land for profit. Figures on imported petroleum are considered more accurate because importers must buy a license and register each shipment with US Customs.

Earlier this year an official of the Federal Trade Commission told a

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Senate subcommittee that in checking some statistics reported by the American Gas Association, he found that many companies had misreported their gas reserves, sometimes by as much as 200 percent. The companies that deal in natural gas are the same ones that we depend on for oil and oil data. Certainly one lesson to be drawn from the current crisis is that the government needs to pay closer attention to energy data, and as soon as possible ought to begin verifying the statistics furnished by corporations. Consider the care the government gives to bank audits. Oil deserves comparable scrutiny.

Regardless of whether the shortage rises to three or four million barrels a day, there is a dilemma that ought to be resolved immediately over the proper means of distributing cutbacks. Nixon's economic advisers have told him, and he agrees, that it is vitally important that factories and large corporations be given the highest priority and the largest share of available energy. Unemployment, even without shortages, has been predicted to run as high as 6 percent next year; factory shut-downs would drive it mercilessly higher. In the administration's scheme, the next in line after industry will be consumers, and last of all, commercial businesses. Thus on November 25 Nixon announced that he would order rationing of distillate fuel (heating and similar oils) through distributors, so that industrial users would get 10 percent less than last year, homeowners 15 percent less and commercial users 25 percent less. For months the President opposed any plan to allocate oil, and though Congress has urged him to move since summer, he didn't act until late November, when events forced his hand. He has been even more reluctant to interfere with gasoline, which is less crucial. Distillates are used to power trucks, buses, trains, electric power plants and home furnaces, while gasoline is used primarily in private cars. The distillate shortage has been a certainty since summer, but the President waited until last week to order US refiners to increase production. Because distillate and gasoline are refined from the same crude oil, in order to increase production of one, the other must be diminished. The effect of the new directive to refiners will be to further reduce gasoline supplies next year, Nixon says, to a level 10 percent below last year. The White House hasn't decided yet how it will allocate reduced gas supplies, whether by direct coupon rationing, by price or tax increases or all three.

Rationing by coupon is the most equitable way to control gasoline sales, but it would require the largest bureaucratic investment, and nobody wants it as a permanent arrangement. The White House is toying with a plan to lessen the potential for cheating and thus the need for policing, by permitting the sale of coupons for cash. Ideally, this would restrict total consumption of fuel and at the same time allow people who want more gas to buy at a specified price from those who are willing to sell coupons. In effect the black market would be legalized; the rich would ride and the poor, who need money more than coupons, would walk.

The alternative to rationing is to raise prices. No one knows how high they would have to go before total consumption would taper off. If the government were to impose a heavy excise tax, perhaps raising the price of gas to one dollar a gallon, it would doubtless have a psychologically inhibiting effect on most consumers (not the rich), but then some form of tax rebate would have to be enacted to avoid too great a shrinkage of buying power. William Nordhaus, a Yale economist who has studied the problem, thinks that withdrawing so many billions of dollars from circulation without a rebate would wreak havoc with the economy, not to mention family budgets.

The least attractive of all possibilities would be to allow the oil companies to raise gasoline prices, letting it go at that. The major refineries are sitting on some of the largest profits they've made in years, and petroleum prices are still going up. Wholesale gas prices are up 38 percent since January, kerosene is up 58 percent and distillates are up 55 percent. The shortage will boost them further, unless the government puts a lid on. When the director of the White House energy policy office, John Love, was asked about oil profits last week, he said there was no plan to raise taxes or lower the depletion allowance. Energy companies, he explained, need large amounts of capital to keep them exploring. That may be true, but market incentives have risen sufficiently by now to assure maximum enterprise by drillers and producers. Exxon has earned profits of $1.6 billion so far this year; it needs no further incentive in the form either of higher prices or any new tax credits.

Rep. Les Aspin (D, Wisc.) is one of several congressmen who are trying to increase oil corporation taxes, and as part of an amendment to the emergency energy bill in the house he has proposed that an "excess profits tax" be levied on oil companies so long as the shortage persists. Using a principle developed in the Korean war, he would tax excess profits above a defined base at the rate of 30 percent. Money collected this way would be used to promote research on new energy sources. Sen. Adlai Stevenson III (D, Ill.) would deal with oil profits by setting up a Federal Oil and Gas Corporation to exploit energy on federal lands and set competitive standards for the entire industry.

As the dimension of the gasoline shortage come into full view, it becomes clearer every day that rationing is the answer. Large increases in price or larger excise taxes will not assure that needed fuel will get to those who must have it, and have it at a price they can pay: farmers, drivers of emergency vehicles and commuters who can't ride the bus. Yet the President delays, recalling his OPA days and fretting about black markets, the unmanageability of rationing bureaucracy, the resentment new controls will provoke.

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Labor Power

From its newly enlarged headquarters in downtown Washington, several hundred yards from the White House, organized labor is working to put into office a "veto proof 94th Congress." This means picking up 23 seats in the House, according to calculations of the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE), and seven seats in the Senate.

But first Meany & Co. is out to persuade the present House to pass a postal card voter registration bill. The measure already has passed the Senate (where 99 senators turned out to vote, the only absentee being Sen. John Stennis, then hospitalized, which reflects the importance attached to this legislation by the politicians themselves). The bill permits a voter to register for federal elections simply by signing a postcard and dropping it in the mail. Al Barkan, who directs COPE, already has visions of foremen passing out these cards on the assembly line. A poll taken by the Yankelovich research firm shows that about 75 percent of persons who didn't vote in 1972 would have gone to the polls if they had been registered; it is an axiom among politicians that a heavy vote helps the Democrats. Many observers have long contended that registration barriers are the main reason for the low rate of political participation in the country. The proportion of eligible Americans who vote has dropped steadily since 1960; last year only 55 percent voted.

Getting the House to approve postcard registration won't be easy, though the House Administration Committee okayed the legislation 15 to 10. The AFL-CIO has already put about one million dollars into the campaign, knowing the idea turns off politicians of both parties who come from "safe" districts where the political balance might be upset by a large influx of new voters. The AFL-CIO intends to press for a vote late in December or early during the second session of this Congress. And the outlook is for approval, perhaps by a slim margin. What Richard Nixon will do if the bill gets to his desk is problematical. If he vetoes it, Meany, Barkan and their lobbyists will fight hard to override. If they lose and they probably would, there's always next year.

Labor begins its 1974 political drives more united than in recent years. The scars of the 1972 presidential battle, which saw Meany neutral to the distress of a number of AFL-CIO unions, are healing, thanks mostly to Nixon, Watergate and the economy. To be sure a couple of unions—notably the Communications Workers and State, County and Municipal Workers headed by independent-minded Jerry Wurf, still aren't kicking into COPE and are quietly holding their own private caucuses on '74 campaign strategy. But unions in New York, those in the garment trades and active for McGovern, have come back to Meany, thanks to his pro-Israel stand in the Yom Kippur war. Meany's call for Nixon's impeachment has helped him with the more liberal federation units. COPE stands to have plenty of money to spend in 1974 and is likely to pour a lot of it into key Senate races. In the back rooms AFL-CIO thinkers consider only one Democrat in trouble in the Senate contests—Mike Gravel of Alaska. COPE seems ready to help George McGovern in South Dakota, if he asks for it. And there's early optimism that the Democrats can pick up Senate seats in Utah, Colorado, Oklahoma, Kansas, North Dakota and Kentucky. On the Senate side 19 Democrats and 15 Republicans are up for reelection or ready for retirement.

In the minds of some AFL-CIO officials, the recent mayoralty election in New York City and gubernatorial election in New Jersey showed that unglamourous and plodding Democrats can win, and collect the minority vote in the process, if they stick to the middle of the road, and eschew quotas and stands on issues like abortion, women's lib and amnesty. There remains within the Democratic Party, of course, a basic struggle between the hard-nosed practicals and idealists, and in the struggle the AFL-CIO stands foresquare with the practicals. To the men and women around Meany the minimum wage and postcard voter registration issues are far more important than making sure youth, women and minorities are represented in fair share during party debate and conventions. Employing COPE's one million dollar computer to recruit election workers and turning out the voters on election day is considered far more important than planning for the Democratic Party's off-year miniconvention (perhaps in December 1974) or pressing a candidate on how he or she feels about busing. As things stand today the main issues in '74 will be Nixon, the scandals that have come to be called Watergate and the economy—and not necessarily in that order if business turns down as most economists are predicting. On paper the Democrats have a good chance of picking up congressional power and even more governorships. If that happens labor will claim considerable credit and will soon thereafter begin eyeing 1976. A visitor wandering through Meany's expanded and expansive marble-faced headquarters keeps hearing one name mentioned: Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson.

But first there is '74 and even before that the postcard registration bill. At the AFL-CIO they take things one at a time.

COMING: Peter Barnes reports on what the gas shortage will mean to Los Angeles

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The Nixon Watch

At the Death

At times on November 26 and 27, listening to the testimony in federal Judge John J. Sirica's courtroom in Washington, I had a feeling that all of us there were sitting in at the death of the Nixon presidency. It was impossible to suppose at these times that Mr. Nixon could remain long in office or even want to if the offenses suggested by the circumstances that had led to this hearing and made all too believable by some of the testimony had in fact been committed in his behalf. For the circumstances were such that if the offenses had been committed at all, they would surely be judged in the public mind and very possibly be judged at criminal trials in this or other courts and by Congress in impeachment proceedings to have been committed in effect by the President himself.

The suggested and suspected offenses were perjury, obstruction of justice and, specifically, the deliberate obliteration of a portion of a White House tape recording. The tape recorded a conversation on June 20, 1972, three days after the Watergate break-in, between the President and H. R. Haldeman, who was then and until last April 30 Mr. Nixon's staff chief. The obliteration of 18 minutes and 15 seconds of this tape was admitted by the President's lawyers. The fact that the obliterated portion had recorded a discussion of the Watergate affair was also admitted. The questions in dispute and examination before Judge Sirica were whether the erasure of the obliterated portion was deliberate or accidental and whether the President's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, lied under oath in this courtroom on November 8 and was lying again at this hearing. Her role was enough to identify any offense that may have been committed in connection with the June 20 tape closely and personally with the President. Rose Mary Woods is a sort of Nixon institution. She has been the President's secretary since 1951. He gave her the rank of executive assistant to the President last June 12. It has been said of quite a few people around the President, notably Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman, another assistant who resigned with Haldeman on April 30 because of association with the Watergate scandals, that they would never have done anything in their official capacities that they didn't know or believe the President wanted them to do. This may be said more truly and certainly of Rose Mary Woods than of anyone else in the President's past or present employ. If she lied, he lied. If she tampered with the June 20 tape or any other Watergate tape, he did. One must add, "in effect." It's a pro forma addition, for the record only.

The central questions at issue before Judge Sirica on November 8 and afterward were questions of presidential guilt or innocence. But, in this situation as in all of the other Watergate situations, a question of competence was also at issue. As these reports have previously noted, one of Mr. Nixon's difficulties is that his claims of innocence can be credited only if extreme and pervasive incompetence at the Nixon White House is assumed and recognized. Nothing demonstrates the truth of this assertion more thoroughly than the story of the erasure of the June 20 tape. Here is the essence of the story as the President, his attorneys and Rose Mary Woods tell it.

Mr. Nixon said in a statement on November 12 that he concluded in "late September" that he should turn over "the full substance" of White House recordings of 10 of his conversations to the Senate Watergate committee and to Judge Sirica for a federal grand jury. The President's declared intention until late September to withhold all of the White House tapes from outside scrutiny could have explained, at least in part, the glaring carelessness and stupidity with which the tapes were handled both before and after their existence was revealed in July. That excuse vanished when Mr. Nixon decided to allow some disclosure. Everything that has happened in connection with the tapes since September must be evaluated on the assumption that the President is telling the truth when he says he has known since then that the substance if not the precise and total content of some of them would become known.

One of the first things that happened was that recordings of three of the 10 conversations could not be found. At least five months had passed since the President developed enough concern about the tapes to have some of them reviewed for him and four months had passed since he listened to a batch of them. A frantic search turned up one of the missing three recordings. Its discovery contributed to a hope that the other two might also be found and—so I was told at the time—accounted for the fact that the search was not abandoned until October 27. This bit about finding one of three recordings and consequently prolonging the search for the other two seemed to me to be pretty convincing. Although it might have helped to dispel the doubts and shock that inevitably arose when Judge Sirica and the public were told in early November that two of the 10 conversations were never recorded, it was not exploited or even mentioned by the President's spokesmen. So far as I know, it is reported here for the first time.

The June 20 tape was among eight recordings that were given to Rose Mary Woods for transcription and summary, in preparation for any degree of disclosure the President finally decided upon. A subpoena issued by former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox on July 23 and a supporting memorandum filed with the US Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia on August 13 make it clear beyond question, to any moderately perceptive reader of both documents, that the entire recording of the President's meetings on June

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20 with John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman was called for. The language of the documents is imprecise and the subpoena refers to one meeting instead of the two successive meetings, first with Ehrlichman and then with Haldeman, that actually occurred. But the intent is unmistakable. Yet J. Fred Buzhardt, a White House lawyer who has been handling Watergate and tape problems for the President since last May, indicated in a written report to Judge Sirica and testified explicitly that he thought until November 14, and advised the President, that the subpoena and subsequent court orders called only for the Ehrlichman portion of the June 20 tape. Buzhardt said he didn't get around to serious study of the August 13 memorandum, which should have corrected any doubt raised by the subpoena, until November 14 and realized only then that both the Ehrlichman and Haldeman portions of the tape were subpoenaed.

An interesting thing about this assertion of abysmal neglect and error is that it was essential to the story that Rose Mary Woods told under oath on November 26-27. Her hope of escaping indictment for perjury rested importantly on her and Buzhardt's contention that on November 8, when she testified in support of the President's story that two subpoenaed recordings could not be produced because they had never existed, the understanding at the White House was that the Haldeman segment of the June 20 tape had not been subpoenaed. The same contention has to be believed if the White House story of the President's indifference to the obliteration of part of the Haldeman portion of the tape is believed. The story is that Miss Woods told him on October 1 that she had accidentally blanked out four to five minutes of the Haldeman segment and that he told her not to worry about it because that part of the tape was not subpoenaed. On November 20, five days after he is said to have been told by Buzhardt that the erasure was much more extensive than had first been supposed and also that it occurred in a subpoenaed part of the tape, Mr. Nixon didn't think the impending disclosure worth mentioning to a group of Republican governors in Memphis. He told them that he didn't expect any more Watergate shocks. The erasure was reported to Judge Sirica and announced the next day.

There were significant differences between the stories that Miss Woods and Buzhardt told Judge Sirica and between the stories that Buzhardt told the judge in two written statements and then in testimony. Miss Woods refused to admit that she'd erased anything. She stuck throughout to her story that she'd accidentally and simultaneously pushed down the "record" button on a tape transcriber she was using on October 1 and kept the tape running on "record" with a foot pedal while she answered a telephone call that she thought must have continued for between four and five minutes. She acknowledged that this "caused a gap" and imposed a high-frequency hum on something like five minutes of the tape. She said she hadn't listened to the portion with the gap and therefore didn't know that there had been any conversation on it to be erased. Eighteen minutes and 15 seconds of the tape actually had the hum and no audible words on it. This segment was preceded and followed by audible conversation between Haldeman and the President, including Haldeman's remark that he wondered whether anybody read *The New Republic.* All of the other remarks played back in court were about as inane as this one. Miss Woods said again and again that she could not have blanked out 18 minutes of the tape, a claim that perhaps improved her shaky position but didn't improve the White House position. Judge Sirica, listening with discernible skepticism to this and much more from Miss Woods, was less interested in the difference between maybe five and 18 minutes of wordless hum than he was in Miss Woods' failure to mention what she now called "a terrible mistake" when she testified on November 8. He asked her why she hadn't mentioned it and instead had sworn that she hadn't altered any tapes in any way. She answered that she thought on November 8 that only the subpoenaed tapes were being discussed and she had the President's assurance at that time that the Haldeman portion wasn't subpoenaed.

Buzhardt said in a statement on November 21 that White House lawyers hadn't found out what caused the hum. He said in a report to Judge Sirica on November 26 that it "was caused by the depression of a record button during the process of reviewing the tape, possibly while the recorder was in the proximity of an electric typewriter and a high intensity lamp." An IBM electric typewriter and a high intensity lamp were on Miss Woods' desk at the White House on October 1, when she says she made her "terrible mistake." She wasn't mentioned in the November 26 report to the judge, but the effect of it was to say that she had in fact caused the entire 18-minute hum and blank-out. Buzhardt and Leonard Garment, the acting White House counsel, were considerably more explicit when they reported the matter first to the new special prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, and then to Judge Sirica in private on November 21. They told Jaworski and Sirica that Miss Woods had done it; that they were not certain whether it was done accidentally or on purpose; that, on the basis of tests so far conducted, it was hard to see how it could have been done accidentally; and that, in the circumstances, she would have to be represented by her own lawyer rather than by White House attorneys when she was called to testify. With obvious but controlled resentment, Miss Woods said during her testimony that General Alexander Haig, the President's chief of staff, told her on the evening of the 21st that she'd have to retain a lawyer of her own. She said Haig called Charles Rhyne, a distinguished Washington attorney and

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long-time friend of the President, and arranged for him to represent her. She indicated but didn't quite say that her friend and employer of 22 years, the President, avoided any contact and discussion with her at this stage.

A rather odd facet of the White House posture, as distinct from that of Rose Mary Woods, was that the President's staff attorneys didn't know when they first reported to Judge Sirica, and didn't mention in court when they came to know, that an 18-minute erasure on the transcriber used by Miss Woods could very easily have occurred by accident. A professional electronics man with knowledge of that particular machine told me that it could have happened, and if it did would have produced the exact hum that was heard in court, if Miss Woods had touched the fast rewind control on her foot pedal for just a few seconds while the recorder button was down. Miss Woods said, rather indignantly, that she didn't make *that* mistake. But the supposition that she did is much more plausible than her story and Buzhardt's story that the recorder's proximity to her typewriter and tensor lamp could have caused the hum. My man said that the typewriter motor or the lamp might have caused a hum, but not that kind of high and rasping hum. There were two separate White House tests with the transcriber beside the typewriter and lamp. One of the tests produced a hum. One did not.

John Osborne

What Jaworski Inherited

The Cox Investigation

by Walter Pincus

Leon Jaworski, Archibald Cox's replacement as special Watergate prosecutor, has within the past weeks sent four letters to the White House requesting additional notes, memoranda and tapes of key presidential conversations. Among the items he requested is the recording of the President's April 19, 1971 telephone conversation with then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst —a call during which the President told the attorney general in curt language to drop plans for a government appeal to the Supreme Court of one of the ITT merger cases. It could be an important piece of evidence in the special prosecutor's inquiry into whether perjury was committed before the Senate Judiciary Committee during its 1972 hearings on Kleindienst's nomination. It also could be relevant to the inquiry into whether ITT's promised contribution of $400,000 to the Republican Party's convention was in any way tied to resolving its antitrust difficulties.

The White House is studying whether to turn the April 19 telephone call tape over to Mr. Jaworski, or whether to invoke executive privilege. According to White House sources, the President's counsel already is preparing to give the special prosecutor three other requested taped coversations—April 16, 1973 between the President and John Dean; April 18, 1973 between the President and Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen when the President offered to play a "tape" of the now missing April 15, 1973 talk with John Dean; and June 4, 1973, the tape of President Nixon receiving and playing 12 hours of tapes of his March and April 1973 meetings with John Dean.

There is a particular irony to these Jaworski requests and the apparent White House compliance. Less than two months ago Cox was fired for refusing to agree to drop all further requests for presidential papers or tapes. In the negotiations leading up to his dismissal, Cox specifically cited the Nixon-Kleindienst phone call as the type of tape he would need in the future. Three days before Cox was fired, former Attorney General Elliot Richardson told White House presidential counsel J. Fred Buzhardt that Cox wanted to be free to request that tape. Buzhardt reportedly said flatly that the special prosecutor would have no right to it.

Although Cox is gone, Jaworski appears to be building his investigation on the foundation Cox laid. Thus to see where that operation is headed, one has to review where the Watergate special prosecution force stood when Cox was fired and Richardson quit. Both men appeared last month before the Senate Judiciary Committee and their testimony, along with other material, permits a good look at the overall Cox inquiry and the discreet but important role Richardson played in it.

Beginning in the last weeks of May, Cox took almost two months to put together his staff of between 40 and

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50 lawyers. Five specific areas were established and are being investigated today.

The first is directed at the Watergate break-ins and the cover-up that followed arrest of five men inside Democratic Party headquarters June 17, last year. Although the President has roundly criticized Cox for his delay in seeking indictments in the Watergate affair, the former special prosecutor has maintained that three areas of inquiry must still be explored before making what Cox termed "the most difficult decisions" – determination of who, if anyone, should be indicted. Mr. Jaworski apparently agrees with this assessment, and the three Cox inquiries are being pursued. They are: follow-up on leads provided by John Dean after Dean's October 18 plea of guilty to a charge of conspiring to obstruct justice; follow-up on information contained in presidential tapes that eventually will be turned over to the grand jury; and reexamination of former CIA Director Richard Helms as a consequence of a recently discovered Helms memorandum, apparently written 11 days after the break-in and arrests which, in Cox's words, "seemed to be totally at odds with everything else he had said and that a number of other people had said" in their grand jury testimony.

Although Cox believes that Dean's testimony could "open new avenues," he has no great admiration for Dean. He said that the former White House counsel "had rendered himself liable in the discretion of the judge to . . . up to a five-year sentence and to a very heavy fine . . . I thought that would be an entirely proper disposition of the case against any defendant who pleaded guilty."

The second major subject of the Cox inquiry was unlawful campaign contributions and any government actions that may have been taken as a result of specific contributions. Several corporations have already pleaded guilty to making illegal cash contributions out of corporate funds but, according to Cox, these were the "simple and straightforward cases." Other investigations in this area are "at difficult and critical stages," and some "are scarcely beginning because evidence has just come to light." Among the still outstanding investigations are the publicized donations by milk producers and, according to Cox, "the question of whether they had undue influence on certain government decisions," specifically the Nixon administration's 1971 decision to reverse itself and raise the federal subsidy on milk.

Another Cox-begun inquiry was into the 1969-1970 secret fundraising by the White House – and particularly that by Nixon lawyer Herbert Kalmbach under the direction of H. R. Haldeman. Called "Operation Town House," it primarily channeled unreported funds into GOP Senate and House races in 1970.

In the last weeks before his dismissal, Cox approved an inquiry into the $100,000 in cash given presidential friend Charles (Bebe) Rebozo in 1969 and 1970 by representatives of millionaire Howard Hughes. Cox's decision angered the President. According to Richardson, Mr. Nixon in early October wanted to know why Cox was "looking into what Bebe Rebozo is doing even though that has already been the subject of a thorough investigation by the Internal Revenue Service." Cox could hardly ignore the Rebozo story, since it had been widely publicized in newspapers. But he proceeded in the most meticulous way. He sent a memorandum to Thomas McBride, chief of the unit looking into campaign contributions, instructing him to "proceed without consulting" Cox. "My brother's law firm does a lot of work for Howard Hughes," Cox explained. "I wished to be sure that that relationship did not result in the staff feeling we should go easy." So the Rebozo inquiry, that Richardson said caused "sensitivity" within the White House shortly before Cox's ouster, was not even being directed by Cox.

A third area of study was 1972 campaign "dirty tricks." With the conviction last month of campaign saboteur Donald Segretti all that remained to be determined, according to Cox, was "whether persons above Segretti had or did not have any responsibility for . . . the unlawful tricks in which he was engaged." That inquiry focusses particularly on two former Nixon aides, appointments secretary Dwight Chapin and Haldeman assistant Gordon Strachan. Chapin's indictment for perjury stemmed from this investigation.

Cox's fourth area was described broadly as "potential criminal offenses involving the abuse or attempted abuse of governmental power . . . or agencies of the government." Within this category Cox lumped the deeds of "the plumbers" – the White House special investigations unit that among other things planned and executed the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Around September 20 the Cox investigative team was about to bring indictments in this matter. Letters suggesting cooperation were sent to lawyers for some of those involved, particularly former White House aide Charles Colson and the Miami-based Cuban Americans who had carried out the break-in. Word of those letters leaked to the press. White House counsel Buzhardt immediately contacted Richardson and informed him of the possibility that national security could be jeopardized if the case were brought to trial. What the White House reportedly had in mind were intelligence channels through which it was learned that the Russians had copies of the Ellsberg Pentagon papers. Richardson explained the situation to Cox. As Cox recalled it, "The question [whether the return of such an indictment would not endanger the national security] was an entirely proper question. I was indebted to the attorney general for raising it. We went back and wrestled with it." That indictment was never brought. Rather, in the week before his firing, Egil Krogh – one of the directors of the "plumbers" – was indicted for making a misstatement under oath. It was a charge, the Cox prosecutors argued, that avoided

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disclosure of the troublesome national security matter. Whereas Cox exercised extreme caution, his successor, Mr. Jaworski, is said to be less impressed by the national security aspect. He is moving ahead with indictments akin to those planned by the Cox force.

Another area of inquiry is the Nixon administration's wiretapping. "The question," as Cox described it, "is whether such bugging was conducted for purposes of harassment . . . and whether some of the conversations overheard were not used for purposes of political intelligence rather than governmental security." In July Cox's staff sent a questionnaire to all government agencies that could conduct wiretaps. The Secret Service, upon receipt of the letter, protested to the White House. On July 23 presidential assistant Haig called Richardson to say Mr. Nixon was "very uptight about Cox," because of the letter to the Secret Service. Haig, according to Richardson, said "the President wants a tight line drawn and no further mistakes; if Cox doesn't agree we will get rid of Cox." In fact Cox had been unaware of the sweeping nature of the questionnaire, and it was thereafter modified. But the complaints did not cease. Four days later the White House in the person of Mr. Buzhardt protested the subpoenaing of two Secret Service men, which he characterized to Richardson as "Cox . . . getting into the middle of personal matters." The subject this time apparently was the wiretapping and surveillance of the President's brother, Donald. Again, as in the "plumbers" situation, Cox took a conciliatory line. Richardson said he did not believe Cox would go any further, once the facts in the case were established. "Not all violations of law are subject to prosecution and the question here would have been whether a President was justified in order to avert potential embarrassment. . . . I have some reason to believe Mr. Cox felt there might be a sort of implicit, if not statutory, exception at least from the standpoint of prosecutorial discretion. . . ."

Though Cox seemed willing to let the administration off the hook on the bugging of the President's brother, his staff was tenacious in pursuing other wiretaps. After much hassling, a Cox attorney was permitted to review the FBI files on the 17 so-called national security wiretaps of White House and other government officials and newsmen. That inquiry also focussed on the 1969 bugging and surveillance of columnist Joseph Kraft. According to Richardson White House counsel Buzhardt said that former White House aide Jack Caulfield "had attempted to tap Kraft in 1969 but apparently it didn't work." Kraft was out of town and all they overheard was his maid. "So," added Richardson, "other steps were taken . . . They called on the FBI," and the FBI proceeded to have Kraft's surveillance undertaken in Paris by French police. "This was a matter of interest to the Cox staff," Richardson concluded. On August 27 this year Cox asked the White House to supply "all records relating to . . . electronic surveillance of Joseph Kraft. . . ." As Cox described it, "after about a month and a half of discussion on his subject we identified nine specific items that were particularly urgent among them, but according to my records . . . none of those have . . . yet been produced." The Kraft records and those relating to Krogh and other "plumbers" which had been requested but not produced for Cox are evidently now going to be turned over to Jaworski.

Still another line of the Cox inquiry had to do with "some part played by John Ehrlichman in connection with a General Services Administration contract in New Jersey." According to Richardson this caused the White House to raise "some question about the basis on which Mr. Cox proposed to inquire." In response Richardson said that, "it fell within the [special prosecutor] clause dealing with actions of Presidential staff."

The last part of the Cox investigation was one given him by Richardson: inquiries into ITT and hearings on the Kleindienst nomination as attorney general. Although Nixon spokesmen have said the latter inquiry was near completion in March 1973, Cox says almost nothing serious had been done when he began work in May, two months later. Richardson's decision to turn over the substantial ITT documents that were in the possession of the Justice Department, and to subsequently inform the White House that it had been done, was of course of considerable help to Cox. "In the case of some Krogh papers," Richardson said, "I [also] concluded that since they were in the hands of the FBI that we should respond automatically, in effect to the [Cox] request."

All of this makes plain that Richardson and Cox, friends for some time, worked well together, and that did not make the attorney general popular at the White House. In late September, when the President was bothered by Cox's probing, Richardson said he "did get from Mr. Cox an overview of the matters that were under investigation and it was understood that I would not repeat to anyone in the White House the full outline of that review. And I did not." Instead, according to a Richardson aide, the attorney general told General Haig that almost everything Cox was looking into had surfaced publicly before, and there was no need to fear some new bombshell. Haig, however could not understand why Richardson refused to pass on any details, when the request was being made in the name of the President.

Richardson did not produce everything Cox wanted, however. Beginning last August Cox sought access to income tax returns of various individuals. A presidential executive order is required before those returns are released. According to Richardson, Cox's request for an executive order "had gotten hung up in the White House." Cox then suggested that Richardson write IRS on behalf of the special prosecutor. "I never did get it resolved before I left," Richardson said. The

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issue is still not resolved and the prosecutors have not been given tax returns. Richardson also wanted to turn over to Cox, White House material in the possession of his civil division and which related to the milk contribution inquiry. In this case he wanted to first get White House approval. But he never had a chance to take the matter up with the President, so the material never went to Cox.

When charges were made that the Justice Department had backed off on an antitrust suit against the President's close friend Robert Abplanalp, Cox investigated and, according to Richardson, "concluded there was no impropriety and very correctly so wrote the department of Justice and the White House." When a Senate committee charged that favoritism was shown in the grant of commutation of sentence to Mafia figure Angelo DeCarlo, Cox again investigated. Here, said Richardson, "there was nothing in it, [Cox] concluded, although one remaining witness had to be interrogated and had been unwilling to submit to voluntary deposition." That witness was former Spiro Agnew aide Peter Malatesta.

Summing up the Cox inquiry, one former Justice Department official says the White House will soon find it did itself great damage beyond the immediate political impact, by forcing out the first special prosecutor and the attorney general who had selected him. "They were both disciplined professionals, moving with great care," he says. In Richardson the President had a man he neither trusted nor controlled, but Richardson was able to influence Cox. If Sen. William Saxbe is confirmed as attorney general and Jaworski remains special prosecutor, the White House may find itself with an even less tractable team. In the opinion of one who knows them both, they are like "unguided missiles, both driven in good part by ego."

Intelligence in the Colby Era

CIA in Flux

by Stanley Karnow

When President Truman was contemplating the creation of the Central Intelligence Agency more than a quarter-century ago, Secretary of State George C. Marshall warned against the new organization on the grounds that its "powers . . . seem almost unlimited and need clarification." Since then the CIA has successfully resisted hundreds of attempts by Congress to limit and clarify its powers, and the latest such bid, this time by Senator John C. Stennis of Mississippi, promises by be equally ineffective. Stennis, whose Armed Services subcommittee is supposed to supervise the CIA, has consistently protected it against any serious investigation, control or criticism, and, consistent with that practice, his present bill is less a genuine effort to harness the agency than a diversionary tactic designed to prevent other members of Congress, notably Senator William Proxmire, from pushing through stronger measures. The CIA is likely to emerge unscathed again.

Even so, other pressures have combined to diminish the CIA's influence, and, although it continues to carry on covert and sometimes reckless activities, the agency is not quite the sinister "invisible government" of years past. For one thing its reputation has suffered badly from misadventures like the Bay of Pigs and the secret war in Laos, as well as its tangential involvement in the Watergate scandals, and, as a result, it has fallen prey to the fierce bureaucratic rivalries of Washington. It has gradually become overshadowed by the Defense Department's various espionage services, which now account for about 85 percent of the estimated six or seven billion dollars spent annually by what is known in the idiom of the capital as the "intelligence community." The biggest of the Pentagon outfits is the National Security Agency, whose 25,000 employees manage satellites, fly reconnaissance aircraft, and, among other jobs, monitor open and secret foreign radio communications from some 400 clandestine bases around the world, all on a budget that runs into the billions. In contrast the CIA staff of 15,000 operates on roughly $750 million per year, and, in many respects, it could not function without military support. Unlike the Defense Department, moreover, the CIA cannot seek funds directly from Congress, but makes its requests to the Office of Management and Budget. Therefore, while he is technically in charge of

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the entire intelligence community, the agency director's theoretical predominance is restricted by his relative poverty. The extent to which the military has reached into intelligence matters was recently reflected in the assignment of two senior officers, Major General Daniel O. Graham and Major General Lew Allen, to key positions inside the CIA. Prior to his shift Graham contended in an unusual article in *Army* magazine that the Pentagon rather than the CIA ought to have the chief responsibility in the field of defense intelligence. "The time is ripe," he wrote, "for the military profession to reassert its traditional role in the function of describing military threats to national security."

More significantly, the importance of the CIA has been pared down over the years by the White House. John F. Kennedy's confidence in the agency was shaken by the Bay of Pigs disaster, and, as the *Pentagon Papers* have vividly revealed, Lyndon Johnson repeatedly ignored pessimistic CIA evaluations of the Vietnam situation that contradicted his preconceived policies. The agency's prestige has dropped even further under President Nixon, partly because his administration has tried to centralize power at the expense of the different Washington bureaucracies and also because his resident foreign policy expert, Henry Kissinger, who served as a counter-intelligence sergeant during World War II, lost patience with many of the CIA's long, elaborate and sometimes inconclusive reports. According to Patrick J. McGarvey, a former intelligence specialist whose book on the CIA was officially cleared, Kissinger once rejected an agency study on Britain and the Common Market with the words "Piece of Crap" scrawled across the cover. McGarvey also disclosed that Kissinger never requested agency analyses on Vietnam, preferring instead to have his own aides produce assessments on the basis of data supplied by the CIA and other intelligence units. This approach led not long ago to the dissolution of the Office of National Estimates, which had been established under CIA auspices to turn out independent, objective intelligence evaluations representing the collective wisdom of all government espionage services. The disappearance of the Office of National Estimates will certainly decrease the flow of paper that has been pouring out of the CIA, but it may also prompt the agency to tailor its interpretations to fit administration policies.

The decline of the CIA is reflected as well in its new director, William Egan Colby, an agency veteran who lacks the stature to stand up to such major Washington figures as Kissinger and Defense Secretary James Schlesinger. Colby was informed of his nomination for the job last spring by General Alexander Haig, the President's chief of staff, rather than by Mr. Nixon himself. A mild-mannered man of 53, some of whose subordinates call him "the bookkeeper," Colby grew up as the son of a peripatetic army officer, graduated from Princeton and originally joined the espionage establishment during World War II, when he operated behind the German lines in France and Norway as an agent of the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor of the CIA. Friends from those days remember him as phenomenally courageous and intensely faithful to his friends, and yet, as one of them recalled recently, his first loyalty has always been to his superiors and their directives. Another friend of his submits that Colby's character has been shaped by two main experiences: his life as a clandestine operative during the Cold War and his years in Vietnam, where he first served in the early 1960s as the local agency chief and later as boss of the Phoenix program designed to destroy the Vietcong structure in South Vietnamese villages. Colby's courteous facade seems to camouflage the inner *apparatchik* whose devotion to orders can be cold-blooded. Testifying before congressional committees a couple of years ago, for example, he calmly related that his Phoenix program killed 20,587 Vietnamese between 1968 and 1971. A former military intelligence officer in Vietnam by the name of K. Barton Osborne, who challenged Colby's confirmation as CIA director during a Senate Armed Services Committee hearing this summer, called Phoenix an "indiscriminate murder program," buttressing his charge with the claim that suspects were shot or tossed out of helicopters. Although Colby tends to take the cool *c'est la guerre* view, he has at least acknowledged somewhat obliquely that Phoenix was a brutal business. In May 1970, for instance, he advised Americans involved in the program that they could be reassigned without prejudice if they found its activities "repugnant." He also conceded under interrogation by Representative Ogden Reid of New York that innocent Vietnamese may have been assassinated, tortured or jailed:

Reid: My question is: Are you certain that we know a member of the VCI [Vietcong infrastructure] from a loyal member of the South Vietnam citizenry?
Colby: No, Mr. Congressman, I am not.

One of the revelations of Watergate is that former CIA agents like E. Howard Hunt were using the same cloak-and-dagger techniques at home that they used aborad, and that the White House was prepared to employ them for precisely that purpose. To some degree the upper echelons of the agency went along with these illegal practices. Although the National Security Act that created the CIA expressly bars it from "police, subpoena, law enforcement powers or internal security functions," the agency plainly violated its charter in the summer of 1971 when General Robert E. Cushman, Jr., then its deputy director and now the marine corps commandant, provided Hunt with a wig, camera, false identity papers and a speech-alteration device in order to burglarize the psychiatrist of Daniel Ellsberg. Cushman has claimed that he was unaware of Hunt's objective, yet he also instructed agency technicians to develop film for him. In addition the CIA drew up a

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"psychological profile" of Ellsberg—again breaking the law that forbids the agency from spying on American citizens. Colby has called these transgressions "deplorable" and other senior CIA officials affirm that the agency stopped short once it realized that it was going beyond bounds. These officials congratulate themselves that the agency has come out of Watergate looking "pretty clean."

But deception is an integral part of the CIA's business, and so questions about its claim to cleanliness inevitably linger. It is still unclear, for example, whether the agency illicitly spied on the US antiwar movement in 1969 and 1970. Richard Helms, the former director and now American ambassador to Iran, has denied that the CIA was engaged in such activities, yet Tom Charles Huston, the architect of the White House intelligence project, has said that Helms was "most cooperative and helpful" in the effort. At this writing Helms is en route to the US to reply to fresh allegations, raised in a *Harper's* article this month by Andrew St. George, that the CIA had infiltrated the Watergate conspirators and knew in advance of their planned break-in. One of the conspirators, Eugenio Martinez, was on a CIA retainer and reported to the agency in late 1971 and again in March 1972 that Hunt was in Miami, presumably in order to recruit operatives for the Watergate job. Colby recently disclosed in response to Senator Howard Baker that Martinez was advised to forget about Hunt, who was then "an employee of the White House undoubtedly on domestic White House business of no interest" to the agency. Maritnez's lawyer said just the opposite in court. Nor did the CIA know, Colby has said, that Martinez was participating "in any secret arrangement or relationship that might have involved any domestic clandestine operations." Baker reportedly remains unconvinced. Colby's contentions strain credulity, for they suggest that the CIA, which swallows up data with the voracity of a vaccuum cleaner, was neither interested in the activities of a former agent skulking among the Cuban exiles of Miami nor able to keep tabs on one of its part-time stringers. Equally difficult to believe is Colby's claim that he was merely trying to protect the CIA from adverse publicity when he sought to avoid telling Earl Silbert, the Justice Department prosecutor, that it was former White House chief of staff John Ehrlichman who had instructed General Cushman to provide Hunt with the paraphernalia to case the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. As Colby himself put it, he "danced around" with Silbert because "we were convinced at a public misunderstanding of CIA involvement in Watergate, and . . . there was a reluctance to drop somewhat inflammatory names in the kind of atmosphere that was around us at the time."

Colby asserted during his confirmation hearing this summer that he was "quite prepared to leave this job" rather than carry out orders he deems to be illegal. But under flaccid questioning by Senator Stuart Symington, the only Armed Services Committee member present through most of the hearing, Colby carved out enough loopholes to justify a number of dubious CIA operations. Among other things he declined to pledge that "we will never give any other agency of the US government help which it might use in its responsibilities," and, he added, he could envisage situations in which "it would be appropriate" for the CIA to assist a White House official "without its coming to public notice." Colby indulged in similarly fancy footwork during secret hearings on Chile held in early October by the House subcommittee on inter-American affairs.

As Tad Szulc has revealed, Kissinger had laid down US policy toward Chile in September 1970, when he said during a background press briefing that the election of Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens would lead to a Communist regime and contaminate Argentina, Bolivia and Peru. The CIA had tried to prevent Allende's election by, among other moves, subsidizing to the tune of $400,000 Chilean news media opposed to him. When that failed the administration became less interested in seeing Allende overthrown than in having his government collapse economically so that, as Assistant Secretary of State Jack Kubisch explained, socialism would be discredited. Testifying before the House subcommittee, Colby agreed with Kubisch and he denied with apparent sincerity that the CIA had either favored or been implicated in the coup in which Allende was ousted and died. He also denied that the agency had financed the Chilean truck strike that sparked the coup. But when Rep. Michael Harrington asked him whether the subsidiaries of US corporations in Brazil and other Latin American countries had subsidized specific anti-Allende demonstrations, Colby responded evasively with replies like, "I would rather not answer the question than give you an assurance and be wrong." He also displayed the toughness of a CIA professional when, disagreeing with Rep. Robert Steele's comment that the killings by the Chilean military had "done no one any good," said that the slaughter had reduced the chance of civil war and thus "does them some good." Colby's testimony on Chile further indicated that he has no intention of withdrawing the CIA from covert operations overseas, but, as he put it during his confirmation hearing, he will try to keep the agency "out of the kind of exposure" that Laos and other such "larger activities got us into." Hence his outlook is consistent with that of his predecessors, and the prospect is that the CIA will continue, as it does, at present, to spend about half of its budget on clandestine work.

The catalogue of the agency's assorted assets is largely familiar by now. It has run its own radio stations, among them Radio Free Europe, and it currently operates a feature service that distributes slanted newspaper articles to unsuspecting editors around the world. It formerly had books published by the New

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York firm of Frederick A. Praeger, and it still has the influence to persuade other publishers to submit works on the CIA to its censors. One of its largest "private enterprises" is Air America, which controls subsidiaries like Southern Air Transport, Rocky Mountain Airlines and four or five others. And, through various cover organizations, it has at one time or another financed French labor leaders, Latin American journalists, Asian Buddhist monks and African politicians. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt was a CIA beneficiary in the days when the agency was searching for moderate socialists to offset the volatile Kurt Schumacher. The agency also bankrolled Pope Paul VI when, as Cardinal Montini, he headed Italy's anti-Communist Catholic youth movement.

More dramatic CIA operations have included the overthrow of Iranian Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in 1953, the ouster of leftist President Jacobo Arbenz's government in Guatemala a year later, and attempts to unseat Indonesian President Sukarno and Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. Popular accounts to the contrary, such flamboyant activities were never undertaken by the agency without the highest authority. Formerly known under other names, that authority today is the Forty Committee, so called because it was established by National Security Council Directive No. 40. Its present chairman is Kissinger, and its members are the deputy secretary of State, the deputy secretary of Defense, the head of the joint chiefs of staff and the CIA director. At one time during the Nixon administration former Attorney General John Mitchell also attended its meetings. The National Security Act of 1947, which created the CIA, is vague on the subject of covert operations. The agency's real charter for "dirty tricks," however, is contained in 10 confidential National Securtiy Council intelligence directives.

The CIA's most ambitious "dirty trick," the abortive [redacted]asion of Castro's Cuba, was not only a failure that [redacted] the lives of 300 Cubans and four American pilots, [redacted] marked a turning point for the agency. President [redacted]edy dismissed the bold Ivy League types who [redacted] commanded the CIA until then and replaced them with more cautious bureaucrats. The agency would later get into supporting a secret army in Laos of some 30,000 tribal guerillas, and, under Colby's aegis, it would direct the Phoenix "pacification" program in Vietnam. But, in comparison to the CIA's earlier adventures, these could be justified as wartime activities. Meanwhile new technological developments were emerging that would vastly change old espionage methods and, in effect, send the classic spies into retirement.

In 1955 scientists working under CIA auspices constructed a high-altitude airplane, the U-2, that could photograph a golf ball from a height of 70,000 feet. They later invented satellites to do the same job even better. These spies in the sky performed brilliantly during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, when they pinpointed the build-up of Soviet rocket sites in Cuba. Now controlled by the National Security Agency, electronic observers keep track of the latest Soviet weapons, and there are radio monitoring systems so acute that they can listen to a Soviet control tower speaking to a Soviet pilot. The Russians, of course, have similar equipment, and the fact that the US and the Soviet Union can watch each other closely has been legitimized in the Strategic Arms Limitation agreement, which allows for "national technical means of verification." As John Newhouse relates in his book, *Cold Dawn*, US electronic intelligence is so accurate that, during one negotiating session, a Soviet officer asked an American delegate not to disclose his knowledge of Russian military affairs to his civilian comrades. The weakness of electronic intelligence, however, lies in its inability to judge an adversary's intentions—and that is what went wrong in the recent Middle East crisis. Although it had all the data in hand, the CIA failed to forecast the Arab attack, and, as a result, it is engaged at present in examining its errors.

Sophisticated espionage had one defect: it produced huge amounts of data that required interpretation by increasing numbers of specialists. As a consequence the intelligence bureaucracy swelled to enormous proportions. In November 1971 President Nixon instructed Helms to streamline the community, curtail its cost and improve its coordination. Helms had a year in which to survey the problem, but he acted slowly, reportedly because he feared that his own CIA would be downgraded in any reorganization. Mr. Nixon's irritation at this delay was compounded by his annoyance with Helms' refusal to blame foreign regimes for backing US antiwar movements and thereby provide the White House with the rationale to clothe repressive measures in "national security" garb. So, late last year, the President peremptorily sent Helms to Iran, the site of a large CIA mission and one country in which a former agency director could be tolerated as US envoy. James Schlesinger took his place at the CIA and promptly fired about 10 percent of its employees, among them many superannuated paramilitary types. Several agency operatives who had initially detested Schlesinger grew to admire his no-nonsense style. But Schlesinger lasted only five months before the President moved him to the Defense Department. In came Colby, a figure hitherto unknown outside the intelligence apparatus. Senator Kennedy called him "the epitome of the covert man," and Senator Proxmire, noting that "we are not allowed to go back into his employment history and judge his fitness," complained that "we don't really know who Mr. Colby is." Nevertheless the Senate confirmed him on August 1 by a vote of 83 to 13, and consoled itself with the expectation that it would take up reform of the CIA later this year. But so long as the Armed Services and Appropriations subcommittees in Congress monopolize CIA

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affairs, authentic reform of the agency is remote.

One of the first serious moves to supervise the CIA was initiated in 1956, when Senator Mansfield and 34 co-sponsors sought to form a joint committee on intelligence patterned after the congressional body that keeps watch on atomic energy matters. Their move was defeated, and the issue lay dormant until 1966, when Senators Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy again tried to strengthen legislative control over the CIA. That effort ended in a hollow compromise. The chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee invited the three senior members of the Foreign Relations Committee to attend CIA subcommittee sessions, which are rarely held. Still another attempt last year by Senator John Sherman Cooper to compel the CIA to provide Congress with intelligence died in the Armed Services Committee, and Senator Stennis, its chairman, made it clear that he considered regulation of the agency to be sacrosanct. "Spying is spying," he said. "You have to make up your mind that you are going to have an intelligence agency and protect it as such, and shut your eyes some and take what is coming."

Last spring Proxmire proposed that the CIA's budget for covert operations be cut by 40 percent, and he followed up that recommendation with a bill that, among its other provisions, would prevent the agency from engaging in any clandestine activities without the approval of the congressional oversight committees. Proxmire's proposal was matched at the time by Senator Eagleton's suggestion that the war powers bill, then being debated, include an amendment prohibiting the CIA from any paramilitary operations without congressional authorization. Those potential infringements on the agency's powers apparently alarmed Stennis. He first signaled that he would back the war powers bill on condition that the Eagleton amendment be eliminated, and that tactic worked. Then, evidently aiming to head off Proxmire, he introduced a mild bill that merely reinforces the National Security Act's original injunction against CIA involvement in domestic affairs. And, announcing it with a bit of oratory, Stennis described his bill as insurance that the CIA "will never become the private tool of unscrupulous men, whatever position they may hold."

At the moment the CIA appears to be under tighter White House command than it has been at any time, and this may seem to be, at least in theory, a salutary change from its days as a free-wheeling assemblage of dangerous romantics. Yet the practical question still unresolved is whether the President in control of the agency intends to use it to bolster himself or the national security. Only Congress can guarantee that the administration employs the CIA responsibly, but effective legislation remains to be passed. Until it is the CIA is bound to remain an organization whose powers, as General Marshall warned, are both unlimited and ambiguous, and, more crucially, tempting to an ambitious Executive.

In Political Prisons

Torture

by Rose Styron

. . . I was arrested on May 11, 1970, in Sao Paulo, on my way to dinner with a young lady I had recently met . . . She had been arrested several days previously and violently tortured and taken to Operacion Bandeirantes . . . With four armed policemen we went to OBAN headquarters. During the journey [one] ordered the young lady to show me her hands so that I 'could have an idea of what awaited me.' They . . . were handcuffed . . . greatly swollen and covered with dark purple hematomas. I learned that she had been beaten with a type of palmatoria.

So begins a long letter to Pope Paul written in 1971 by Marcos Arruda, a young geologist (American mother, Brazilian father), a plea for help from prison. It continues: he and the girl, a painter named Marlene Soccas, were subjected to months of unspeakable torture. On arrival Marcos was kicked, clubbed with truncheons, head pounded on the floor, ears banged in the cupped "telephone" style. Stripped, he was bound tightly wrists-to-ankles with thick rope and hung over a suspended bar upside down, wires from

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a camp telephone attached to his toe, leg, testicles, through which electroshock traveled with varying intensity for several hours while he was beaten all over with the palmatoria—a plaque full of holes which raises the huge hematomas. When he fainted, water was thrown over him on his "parrot swing" to augment the sensitivity, and the wire was applied to his face for terrible shocks in the eyes, nostrils, mouth, till one policeman remarked, "Look, he's giving off sparks. Put it in his ear now . . ." Smashing his testicles, burning him with cigarettes, putting a revolver in his mouth, threatening dreadful sexual abuse could not revive him to confess, and the tormentors left him, writhing uncontrollably, for the night. At dawn, his tongue and eyelids were paralyzed, his face distorted with contractions and his leg stiffened like wood, the foot caught downward, toe black. No sole-beating could budge it. Alarmed, they threw him into a van and sped him to a hospital where he was kept incommunicado for five months. He was taken back then to OB headquarters to "confess." A letter from Marlene reports that her captors said, "Get ready to see Frankenstein come in."

> *. . . I saw a man . . . walking hesitantly, leaning on sticks, one eyelid half-closed, his mouth twisted, his stomach muscles twitching continuously, unable to form words . . . . "Encourage him to talk; if not the 'gestapo' will kill him" . . . We did not speak, not because we were heroic, but simply because we had nothing to say.*

They tried cajoling him with cigarettes and sweet talk. Next they called in a doctor who prescribed the amount of additional torture he could bear. He was finally tried, abandoned to starve in a cell, and after pressure from abroad was "released." "It is clear that my case is not exceptional," he wrote, "as such events have become commonplace during the last few years in Brazil. . . ."

Meanwhile Marlene, her paintings and belongings destroyed, contact with her family forbidden, was abused by the police and subjected repeatedly to "the dragon chair"—tongue, eyes, ears, wrists, breasts, sex organs wired to a metallic-plated seat—during her incommunicado term. She wrote to a judge of the military tribunal from the building (once a slave market for coffee plantations) where she still awaited trial in late 1972 and described scenes of sexual perversions when young newcomers would arrive, "lugubrious amusement for the jailers," and the submerging of skeletal detainees in freezing wells about the yard while the guards took turns holding their heads under:

> *When I was a young girl, I was taught to love Brazil, respect its flag, to do my best for its people, to dedicate to my country my brains, my work, and if necessary, my life. These sentiments have not changed, the small girl is still inside me, but I know that the illusions died an abrupt death when I was tortured under Brazil's flag and the portrait of the Duke of Caixias. . . .*

"Commonplace in Brazil." In one week of April 1973, 700 to 800 Brazilian citizens, mostly students, professors, artists (those of a dangerous mind) were taken to prison. They have been held *incommunicado*, a term internationally understood to mean tortured before arraignment, and recovery in solitary to remove the worst marks of abuse. We are reminded of Augusto Boal, Brazil's leading playwright and director of the Arena group acclaimed in Paris and New York. He too was kidnapped by the "death squad" on his way home from a rehearsal in Sao Paulo in 1971, and held incommunicado for months. Like the less famous Marcos and Marlene, he suffered the Parrot Perch, but owing to his fame and the popularity of his controversial "newspaper" theaters, his captors told him he would undergo only "torture with dignity." This meant that they would not attach electrodes to his genitals, only to his toes and fingers. When they explained this to him, hung upside down and drenched in salt water for extra shock-power till he thought his body would burst from the swelled blood, and said further that the charges against him were 1) for refusing a prize for his Sao Paulo theater and 2) for slandering his country abroad by claiming that *torture* was practiced in Brazilian jails, Boal could not resist the impulse to laugh. It was, as he tells us, his last laugh for a long time. The voltage was turned all the way up.

Since 1971 citizens of 32 member nations have complained officially to the United Nations of the systematized use of torture in their prisons, and groups in at least 20 more have flooded the offices of Amnesty International with documented reports. Amnesty International has been working for 12 years to gain release, reduced sentences, better treatment for illegally held nonviolent "prisoners of conscience" and to aid their families. Public protests, private letters, pleas to government officials, money and publicity have begun to pay off. Boal, for example, was acquitted and sent to France the day after AI and P.E.N. publicized petitions signed by Arthur Miller, Joseph Papp and other theater men. The government of Brazil now publicly denounces Amnesty International as "Communist," Russia calls it "imperialist," and Indonesia "New Left." But each day brings new charges that confirm the statement by James Becket, author of *Barbarism in Greece:* "The practice of torture in the world today has become epidemic. The

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increase is not in those isolated cases of brutality common to all countries, but in the use of torture as deliberate state policy. Torture has become a means of governing, a means to control dissent and maintain power." Since 1969, when John Corry visited long-term political prisoners on Greek islands and published their individual testimony in *Harper's*, we have heard the desperate echoes: a man forced to eat his own shaved-off hair while being clubbed on the head and having his nails torn out; resisters hung, shackled like the prisoners in old Flemish paintings; a student beaten and raped in his dungeon for 40 days by a succession of sadistic military police, his neck collared in live plugs, dragged about by his wired genitals. There is this scene from Pericles Korovessis' document *The Method:*

> *We learned about our fellow prisoners in the yard . . . P. was a young girl of eighteen. She had long black hair and two big black eyes. Her spell in isolation was over, but even so she just sat motionless and silent in a corner. Every now and then her eyes filled with tears and she went into the cell to cry. Then she came out again and sat silently staring into space for hours on end. They had her on the roof for two nights naked. The first night they gave her* falanga. *The second night they pushed a wooden rod up her anus and another in her vagina and hung her with handcuffs from a hook on the wall, stark naked like that with the rods still in her, all night.*

This terror was not new in Greece. Vasily Vassilikos, poet-in-exile, author of Z, in his recent nonfiction *Outside the Walls*, documents a decade of terror before the colonels. Unsuspecting youths were seized from their villages at night, tortured to death in local police stations or spirited away and imprisoned for years without trial. A Portuguese army officer only last year defended this international habit, saying "the villages are guilty because they are for terrorism as water is for fishes." Thus he justified the "resettling" of dissenters on Mozambique. Torture was prevalent in Algeria before the FLN, in Turkey before the first kidnapping, in Brazil before 1965, and before the guerrilla and the "terrorist" followers of Che and Marighella.

Major newspapers in 1970 carried accounts of the racist "Trial of the Twenty-two" in South Africa, where frightened blacks, pressured by their own attorneys, reluctantly testified on the stand that they had been tortured in jail. Their case was immediately dismissed so that the police could not be cross-examined, but even before they left the building they were re-arrested by their interrogators and put into indefinite solitary. The 22 are still incommunicado. We have been shown who rules the courts.

Stories and photographs have been relayed from India of thousands of young followers protesting the imprisonment, the poisoning, the degradation of Baba, guru of their peaceful sect Ananda Marga. And from Northern Ireland, stories of the brutality of British soldiers, their techniques refined from campaigns in Cyprus and Aden. And from Indonesia, corps of bewildered teenagers accused of communism and detained behind barbed wire on Buru Island since the 1965 coup, when they must have been nine or 10. *Asia Magazine* reports that 39,000 Moslems, Christians, Hindus and Buddhists are being held without trial in lightless, insect-ridden hellholes in Burma and Ceylon.

In 1970 journalist Don Luce publicized Saigon's "tiger cages"—cages left by the French colonials and now filled to triple, quintuple capacity—rows of thick-walled stone cells 20 inches to four feet high, too low to stand in, barred on top so the pacing guard could spy down and pour quicklime or squirt tear gas on, or vomit down onto the demoralized "enemy" confined for years in sunless starvation, crippled forever if he survived. Our government in 1971, *after* sending congressmen to confirm Luce's story, *after* the stupefying reports of intelligence officer Barton Osborne, awarded a $400,000 contract to the American firm, Raymond, Morrison, Knudson, Brown, Roat & Jones, to build hundreds of new cages, smaller ones. William Colby, our recently appointed CIA director, once headed the Phoenix operation, the bureaucratic "bird of death" system that helped make Thieu's prisons the most revolting in the world. Colby's Senate appearances in 1970 and 1973 leave no room for doubt

"Think of the poor devils who don't belong to the free world."

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that Americans were present to supervise torture sessions. The shackles used were Smith and Wesson, the tear gas made in Pennsylvania. This view of victims released from Con Son, island of tiger cages, is transcribed by Anthony Lewis:

> *It is not really proper to call them men anymore. 'Shapes' is a better word—grotesque sculptures of scarred flesh and gnarled limbs . . . years of being shackled in tiger cages have forced them into a pretzel-like crouch. They move like crabs, skittering across the floor on buttocks and palms.*

This May a pamphlet from France, *The Forgotten Prisoners*, compiled by French university professors and financed by concerned Americans like Alexander Calder, detailed the story of Thieu's jails today. Two of the authors, Andre Menras and Pierre Debris, were young exchange teachers who spent two years in Chi Hoa prison for helping raise the NLF flag. Their testimony is a shocking masterpiece of desperation. Isolated for a year, they first met their fellow rebels in February 1971, when they came from far Paulo Condor (Con Son). Their knees were broken so that none could walk, they were completely blind from years of darkness. They learned of prisoners who were thrown into nests of red ants, or who had hot melted rubber poured into their navels, or who were put in a sack and plunged into boiling water, or who were whipped raw, soaked in salt, and left in the blazing sun for days. In November 1972, under threat of an impending cease-fire, Thieu sent Colonel Nguyen Van Ve with a *tac* squad of police armed with bamboo shields, helmets, pistols, even grenade-launchers into cells where 60 to 100 inmates had been herded together for long periods. Rather than lose his prisoners, Thieu had them separated, regrouped so that NLF and Catholic students and ordinary criminals were all reclassified as dangerous Communists, the healthy mixed with those dying of dysentery and tetanus and TB. He also ordered countless new arrests to "neutralize" citizens. There are at least 200,000 political prisoners there now.

US Intelligence officer Barton Osborne told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that he had never known an individual to live through "interrogation." He described seeing a "detainee" suspected of dissent thrown out of a helicopter, another who died after a six-inch wooden dowel was tapped slowly into his ear canal.

Word comes now from Chile that since the coup, Brazilian police have been permitted to enter the country, to seize and torture Brazilian political exiles there. The use of the "palmatoria" in Brazil is comparable to "falanga" in Greece. "Truth drugs" and the sophisticated misuse of light and sound derange the Irish, Uruguayans, Russians. Electroshock is routine in Iran, Indonesia, South Africa, Spain. Naked burial-to-the-neck for nights, common in Vietnam and Poland, was used in California last year on 16-year-old blacks. Rigid standing in a cold cell, within a circle, flogged to stay awake for days is standard in Czechoslovakia, in South Africa, in Argentina. A Greek litany of the past decade: "Say that I killed my mother, but let me sleep. . . ."

Emmanuel Sztein, Russian-born writer and chess champion teaching at Yale, speaks of the years after 1966 he spent in a Polish prison, because he taught university students about the Russian massacre of Poles at Katyn. His captors practiced every type of abuse; the worst in his opinion was the ancient Chinese water torture, drops striking his head day and night like unpredictable hammer blows, while he was confined upright, immobile. He saw women prisoners stripped to their socks which were filled with sand, a prelude to merciless beating. Sztein's special psychological torture was that he, a Jew who lost 52 members of his family at Auschwitz, found himself sharing a cell for two years with Erich Koch, the Nazi gauleiter of Poland.

It is fear, of course, that breeds distrust, fear of the consequences of lack of control that drives man to confine and abuse his fellow creatures. Simple relentless crowding breeds fear, accelerates the spread of inhumanity and the devaluation of the individual. Eduard Kuznetsov, in his detailed sociological work *Diary* (*L'Express* excerpted it last December as "Diary of Camp #10") lamented that his whole life had been spent "like a spoilt herring" in communal apartments, barracks and jails: no privacy, no safety among friends —even his current cellmate an informer. He claims he would gladly trade his 15 years in the Soviet camp for 20 in solitary. Kuznetsov, a nephew of Sakharov, was originally sentenced to death for trying to hijack a plane. He appeals to his countrymen: "Great persons and super-powers make me sick . . . my only real crime is that I do not want to live in the USSR. Reap your invisible harvests without me; perform your heroic exploits in the far reaches of space without me, without me. . . ."

He echoes the words of Belenkov, the Soviet writer who escaped in 1968: "If a man is persuaded that he has the truth, if he is in a hurry to bring paradise to earth before he leaves it, why should he hesitate to cut off other people's heads? Those heads are blocking his way to paradise, and life is so short. . . ."

Has our natural sense of outrage been blunted by the distance film and print allow? Do we assume that if it is in the theater it is entertainment, like the violence in *Straw Dogs* or *A Clockwork Orange*, or in standard gangster or pornographic films where excess dulls, destroys our compassion and can even make violence seem comic? Daily news items of mass horror, reported on TV within minutes of shows that get their ratings by sensationalism, are lost to reality. The audience comes to disbelieve the real crime as

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unimaginable.

How do those in power justify such inhumanity? Early in 1973 in military-ruled Greece, General Pattakos, criticized for persecuting suspected Communists, replied: "Communists are like beasts. We make no difference between people and people, only between people and beasts." A Soviet official chided for illegally removing political opponents from society philosophized that opposition to their "country" was a kind of schizophrenia, and that those of unsound mind cannot legitimately oppose its rulers. The jailers, the torturers of these separate-by-categorization men, must be made to see their victims as *subhuman*. It is a two-way street. Greek law professor Georg Mangakis says, "I have seen the torturer's face at close quarters . . . a Chinese mask . . . disturbed by twitching . . . nothing human about it."

Camus wakened men's imaginations and they moved to condemn capital punishment, as William Lloyd Garrison had once roused them to condemn slavery. Is it quixotic to believe that in 1973 a people shocked into moral reaction by Vietnam and by Watergate can, if apprised of the facts, be shocked into a new crusade on legalized torture? Perhaps we cannot stop the secret cruelty even in our own jails (Huey Newton and the "soul-breaker" will recur). Nor have collective documents till now afforded much protection for idealistic dissident minorities: "The Universal Declaration of Human Rights," "The Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners," the UN Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, the Nuremburg Charter of 1950—each is impeccably worded, each condemns torture, each is forgotten at will. And ruling governments are touchy when international missions chide them. Chastized by the Council of Europe for its brutality, Greece withdrew from the organization altogether. At an AI press conference in June, Britain's Lord Caradon, confronted by UN critic Shirley Hazzard, agreed ruefully that his colleagues had long been ineffectual in this matter.

Still, in late October at the UN General Assembly's 28th session, a resolution on torture was unanimously adopted. AI's president, Sean McBride, has just returned from Moscow where he took part in the first open discussion of political prisoners there. Amnesty has a new chapter in the USSR. In Greece conservative ex-Premier Cannellopoulos testified in defense of 17 citizens who were provoked by police following a memorial service for liberal ex-Premier Papandreou. "The time has come for you judges to impose respect for the human body," he said. "I feel shame as a Greek that such barbarity should be used as an administrative practice. This is what you should condemn, not the defendants." He asked for the punishment of the police themselves. People are speaking out in Franco's Spain: "Catholic Protests Mount Against Special Jails for Priests" runs a headline in *The New York Times* (Nov. 12). The *Times* also featured an article (Fred Branfman, Sept. 27) that made a connection between the men who shaped our policies in Vietnam and in Washington: "Official US documents disclose that it is we who created South Vietnam's police system . . . we who decided that all Vietnamese 15 years old and older would carry identification cards . . . we who built the prisons and supplied the generators for torture."

Branfman, Vinnie McGee, Tom Hayden and others are heading for Saigon this month to try personally to help the plight of prisoners there. AI's Emergency Action Committee for South Vietnam is concentrating on help to imprisoned students: Tang Quang Tuyen and Tang Thi Nga, sister and brother from the Faculty of Law, are typical of those recently arrested.

On December 10 and 11 in Paris, Amnesty International will conduct the first World Conference for the Abolition of Torture. Representatives of governments from Ireland to Japan and health organization delegates from intergovernmental bodies such as UNESCO, the UN, the Council of Europe, leaders of over 60 nongovernmental organizations on five continents—trade unions, labor unions, lawyers' unions, brain research organizations, student groups, women's groups, religious councils (Zionist and anti-Zionist, Muslim and Christian) Veterans and World Federalists and Police Academy officers—have accepted invitations to participate. In anticipation of Paris, seminars have been held this fall in Australasia, Benelux, Great Britain, Canada, Scandinavia and Germany. Socio-economic factors of torture in political prisons, [illegible] cal and psychological implications, legal and [illegible] aspects have been discussed in depth by leading doctors, judges, professors, ministers, writers.

Meanwhile torture is everywhere. Sakharov disputes Yakir's denial of the maltreatment of dissidents in Soviet psychiatric clinics, while Bukovsky lies desperately ill from such ordeals. The outspoken Soviet writer, Moroz, is still in jail, though Amalrik has been released and sent into exile. A diary kept by pediatrician Stephen Pandelakis was smuggled out of Greece this summer. Is he among those who may now be pardoned (448 prisoners were released in August, but in January there were 2777 in two island prisons alone)? Are the six lawyers held incommunicado in Greece for defending dissident students last winter? Amnesty International's four-man mission to Korea has just been jailed.

Pablo Neruda, Nobel Prize poet and supporter of Allende who died during the junta's takeover of Chile, ended his last poem with a judgment on the presidents of Bolivia, Uruguay, Chile and the United States:

> *. . . whorish bosses*
> *with no other law but torture*
> *and the lashing hunger of the people.*

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Homecoming

(American Film Theatre)

The second picture I've seen from the American Film Theatre, this film of Harold Pinter's play, *The Homecoming*, is even better than the first, *The Iceman Cometh*. Ranking of Pinter and O'Neill is not involved; Pinter's play has been more sensitively directed, is at least equally well cast, and is much more comfortable on the screen. Both plays are in one set, but the set of *Iceman* is *meant* as a set—an abstract locale for an abstract work. In *The Homecoming* the set is a room. The quintessential Pinter mode is to fix an enclosed space, then have an outsider enter it. The power of enclosure, of making related series of enclosures, is native to film, and the motion of the camera itself counterpoints the idea of alien entry.

This Pinter room was designed by John Bury, who did the setting for the original Royal Shakespeare Company production, later seen on Broadway. Bury has scaled down his ideas for the intimacy of the camera, but the atmosphere is unchanged: the house of a family of men, cold, drab, patched but clean. The color camera is in the hands of David Watkin, who did *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *Catch-22*, one of the best photographers of air, who puts much of the film in the clerestory light of 19th-century painting that makes the real look like a comment on the real.

Peter Hall, who directed the RSC production (and who has made several previous films), directed again here. Hall's theater production of this play stands out for me as a high example of the musician's art (so to speak) in the theater, exquisitely wrought and felt, perfectly *heard*. He has found ways to translate his designs into a new syntax, to use camera placement and the composition of shots to refresh his original perceptions, not to trim them. He has been well helped by the editor, Rex Pike. Example: near the end the family proposes to set up Ruth as a prostitute in a Soho flat. She listens. Her first comment is to ask how many rooms there would be in the flat, and there is a quick glimpse of her husband's face before we go to the reply from his brother. That glimpse is not a banal reaction shot: it's like a beat before a leap.

And the actors, the actors. What a feast. Here is a play/film that lives by its ambiguity and ambivalence, by its ability at every moment to be more than what is being said or done, to encompass at every moment different, even conflicting views of what is happening. To say that these six actors, four of them from the original RSC production, are capable of encompassing all this is true but not enough: they are also able to give us pleasure in their ability to do it. This is a dangerous compliment because it sounds like praise of self-display; but with the best acting (as Stanislavsky knew), self-display is part of selfless art.

The best way to appreciate their work is to look at the play itself. Max, a widower of 70, lives in his North London house with his brother Sam and two of Max's sons, Lenny and Joey. Home on a surprise visit comes the third son, Teddy, a professor in America, bringing his wife Ruth, an Englishwoman whom he married before he left six years ago but whom the family has never met. The main movement of the play is Ruth's decision to remain here, by invitation, when Teddy returns to America and their children: her decision to be the sexual companion of Max and his sons and to be set up by them as a tart.

As with most good works, a synopsis of *The Homecoming* can be accurate but must be false. What this play is depends on how often one has seen (or read) it, how it is performed, even on the sequence in Pinter's work in which one sees it. Here are four responses to my latest viewing. First, it's a comedy, in two senses: in method, through the rude juxtaposition of irreverences and non sequiturs; in overview, through its vision of men and women furiously making their pygmy arrangements and pronouncements in the face of huge dark overwhelming forces. (In line with the play's irreverent method, I would sometime like to see it played in Marx Brothers style and tempo.)

Second, although the characters are individuals, they are used as mediums. Through them we get both their lives and relations as they are stipulated to be, but we also get their repressed thoughts and unconscious feelings—not as asides or implications, they are switched right on to the main tracks of their utterance. This is one of the sources of the comedy, as when remembrance of the dead mother abruptly switches from sentiment to vilification; but, more important, it gives chordal texture to the play as it progresses homophonically. This view of the characters as mediums transforms them into fissures through which we see not only their own psyches but their world battering at them.

Third, the power of the language. What a wizard of the vernacular Pinter is. How easily he transmutes the commonplace into beautiful rhetoric simply by hearing sounds and rhythms, by building in rising arcs (Lenny's description of clumping the amorous woman) or by dropping in the perfect, unique, irreplaceable phrase, "You daft prat." "He'll be chuffed to his bollocks." Lenny savagely needles his father about what was in the old man's mind the night he begot Lenny. The father listens grimly, then after a pause, says: "You'll drown in your own blood." Try speaking that line aloud if you want an example of how to make six simple Anglo-Saxon words into a thick and terrible blast. That is theater mastery.

Fourth, sequence in Pinter's work. To see *The Homecoming* again, after seeing his subsequent, almost equally good *Old Times*, is to see the earlier play as part of a pair (whether consciously designed as such or not). *Old Times* deals with female space and one male intruder; *The Homecoming* views matters the other way round, male space and one female intruder. In both plays the female element finally dominates the male, more or less cruelly. The true homecoming referred to in that title, as has been

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Charley Varrick. The best crime thriller since *The French Connection*, with Walter Matthau as a "middle-class" bank bandit.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. Jerry Bruck's fine documentary about a fine political journalist, especially cheering in these gummy times.

The Long Goodbye. Elliott Gould as a spoof-serious private eye, out of Raymond Chandler via Robert Altman's wit.

The New Land. Jan Troell, Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow complete the Swedish-American epic they began with *The Emigrants*. Bravo.

SK

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Biographical Speculations

Golden Codgers
by Richard Ellmann

(Oxford University Press; $7.95)

Life enters art by a crooked corridor, a winding stair. Writers are nearly always justified *and* slightly dishonest when they post the warning: "None of the characters in this book bear any resemblance to persons living or dead; the story related in the following pages is purely imaginary. . . ." Art is always something so much else than life that the veriest *roman à clef* is a world in which we only *seem* to see the reality it imitates. Yet the most outrageous fantasy is often a system, after all, of recognitions transferred, transformed, fragmented and recombined. However it is, in the work of art the artist lives another existence of which we catch a glimpse, as of Yeats' "golden codgers" disporting themselves in immortality, and

> Foul goat-head, brutal arm appear,
> Belly, shoulder, bum,
> Flash fishlike.

Richard Ellmann is one of the best of contemporary biographers in discerning the bits of the authorial self in works of the literary imagination. Not for nothing has his subject been Joyce, who described the process by which the poet takes into the center of his being "the life that surrounds it, flinging it abroad again amid planetary music." Ellmann's biography placed Joyce's works in the context of recoverable sources—literary, intellectual, experiential. And Joyce suggested to him, one imagines, a further biographic quality to be sought, for in *The Portrait of the Artist* we witness more than the conversion of personal representation into myth. The famous autobiographic novel turns out to be, as Ellmann showed, a metaphoric essay upon the development of the artist-self, a poem of gestation, with its images all watery as the amniotic sea, its movement progressive as fetal history. In art itself is truth that eludes other records, the self that is inaccessible to exterior life-history, the essential image of the maker which is both emanation and creation.

The essays gathered in this volume are of varying interest and importance and suffer by their slight and occasional character as reviews, prefaces, single lectures. They are more suggestive than definitive, intimations of the kind of study Ellmann could probably make of new subjects. Mostly they justify the subtitle, "biographical speculations"—even a literary-historical essay on the Edwardians may be seen as a description of the group change of character that took place around 1900 when the writers who rejected Christianity nevertheless felt free to use its forms and language. Their mood accounts, Ellmann thinks, for the prevalence in their writing of the religious metaphor of conversion for merely secular transformations, of the transports and illuminations that mimic the religious epiphany, even of the microcosmic unity of design striven for in poems and novels; his examples are Joyce, again, and Yeats, Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Conrad and others who shared the experience.

But it is the individual discovery of artistic personality that justifies Ellmann's method, as in the introduction to Joyce's *Letters*, a postscript to the earlier biography. In personal communications that were often dry, terse, without the lyrical and humorous expansiveness of the fiction, Joyce's image-forming self is to be discovered, too. The letters, like the *Portrait*, insinuate that their writer is the artist-hero, not less but more sacred than others because he has left the church and rejected conventional morality. Not only did Joyce make himself the exiled artist in fact, but his marriage was aptly chosen, that of the banned artist and the banned lower-class girl. He is art's martyr, and proclaims repeatedly his physical weakness—only with partial candor—as though to complete his self-creation as a suffering Christ, a divine scapegoat.

A similar vision was, it appears, the final myth of self of Oscar Wilde who is the subject of three of these essays. In his discussion of Wilde's transcriptions of life and literary example Ellmann shows that we do not need to trace the obvious "sources" of *Salome*—Flaubert, Mallarmé, Huysmans, Laforgue—as much as we should realize the significance to Wilde of two early idols, Ruskin and Pater. Wilde's own division is signified by his divided allegiance to them. From *Stones of Venice*, itself more autobiography than criticism, he accepted the idea of a condemning moral code—and of the Renaissance as a Jezebel. In *Studies in the Renaissance*, he discerned a covert invitation to indulgence, the same age appearing as a young man with hair wreathed in roses, as Leonardo painted John the Baptist. Ruskin's and Pater's tutelary presence in Wilde's life was signified in the play by Iokanaan and Salome; Aubrey Beardsley divined the autobiography and gave the tetrarch the author's face in his illustration. These "praetersources" as Ellmann calls them signify their presence by verbal traces elsewhere in Wilde. In his early poem "Hélas!" he questioned his own longing to "drift with every passion . . ."—"Is it for this I have given away mine ancient wisdom and austere control?" Wisdom and control had lately rather than anciently been heard about from Ruskin but "drift" is the very signature of Pater's influence. It is the word used in his advice to the readers of *Studies in the Renaissance* to subject themselves to flow of sensation, the development of their own natures. Wilde in time accepted Pater's advice—to be precise at the age of 32, when he discovered his own homosexuality. From this moment he also embraced the view of himself as a criminal and made this view the basis of his esthetics. Art for Wilde was subversive because he was the enemy of society. Art was the result of lies and masks, while "all bad poetry springs from genuine feeling," a conclusion to which his own life of disguises assisted him. An imperfect logic led to Wilde's deliberate courting of exposure and the final condemnation to prison, where he learned to regard himself as the Christ who, like Genet later, literally takes upon himself the sins of the world by subscribing to the evil of men.

Working from hints in the writing of Gide as well as of Wilde, Ellmann fabricates a biographic bridge for a gap in the record created when Gide tore out of his journal the pages describing three weeks spent in close association with his English friend in 1891. They met a number of times afterward, most famously in 1895 in Algeria when, with Wilde's help, Gide had an experience with an Arab boy ("Dear, vous voulez le petit musicien?" Wilde had laughing-

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ly asked—and arranged it for the trembling Gide). Close studies of correspondences in their writings show exactly in what sense, however, Wilde was Gide's *intellectual* seducer as early as 1891. Their relationship then was probably, Ellmann suggests, like that described between Dorian Gray and Lord Henry Wotton. Gide felt "devirginated" by Wilde's ideas. In *Les Nourritures terrestres* and *L'Immoraliste* it is Wilde who appears in the character of Ménalque, and Gide of course wrote directly about him in essays; Wilde's fate probably spurred him to the defense of homosexuality in *Corydon* and to writing his own autobiography. Wilde's message to Gide in 1891 coincided with the appearance of *Dorian Gray*, of the critical *Intentions*, of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and of *Salome*. He had sorted out his fate and chosen his character, while Gide was still absurdly thinking of marrying his cousin, still uncertain about his artistic direction. Wilde must have proposed a point of view Gide could use, one that reconciled his religious moralism to his immoralism—the theory of the artist as the devisor of models, hence Christ. It was from Wilde that Gide learned the Wildean martyr pose. Gide noted in his journal soon after the 1891 conversations, "'Whoever shall save his life shall lose it' is just as true in art."

The Wilde essays are probably the most adventurous in Ellmann's little bundle, subtle and daring illustrations of the entrance of life into art along hidden intellectual channels. More conventionally biographic is his contribution to the current realization that the great poem of impersonal cultural statement of our time, *The Waste Land*, is in fact highly personal. The poem, as Ellmann notes, compiled many of Eliot's personal difficulties—his early struggles for vocational and sexual identity, his disastrous marriage, etc. It is clear now that "My nerves are bad tonight . . ." worried Pound because it phonographically transcribed Vivian Eliot, or that "the king my father's death" probably referred to the death of Eliot's own father. The images of barrenness, of the cruel April, the Fisher King, have as much to do with the poet's impotence as with the social meanings implied for two generations of readers. To these readers, however, this correction from biography will be only partially acceptable, I think; the poem will retain its resonant generality even despite the poet, who asserted, "To me it is only a personal and wholly imaginative grouse against life."

One may cite a final example of Ellmann's penetration into biographic depth beneath the surface of artistic representation. He offers us a solution of the problem of George Eliot's models for the husbands of Dorothea Brooke, the heroine of *Middlemarch*. His identification of the second husband, Ladislaw, with George Eliot's own husband, Cross, is not startling even though she was still happily attached to Lewes when she wrote the novel—she had met the youthful Cross in Rome just before commencing to work on it, and gained a prophetic impression of what his personality could mean to her. The prototype for Dorothea's first husband, however, is a more difficult matter. As Ellmann shows, none of those proposed will really do—not Herbert Spencer, nor Mark Pattison, nor Robert William Mackay (who wrote a book that sounds like the one Casaubon labored over). George Eliot's feelings for each of these gentlemen seems insufficient to account for the "intensity mixed with sporadic pity" with which she etched her portrait. Ellmann recalls, however, that like Flaubert she once pointed to her own breast when asked for the prototype of Casaubon. There, he suggests, she had found "casaubonism"—"the entombing of the sense in the mind's cellerage." The vice of sexual suppression, suggested in his implied impotence, and the image of wasted seed, which recurs in the novel, are the effects of the author's bitter recollections of "injuries" her own fantasies and "morbid accesses of self reproach" as she called them, inflicted on her naturally passionate nature. In this repellent yet pitiable figure, wrought with such energy, we see projected a self to be exorcised, a self revealed to none but the astute biographer-critic who has looked deep into the waters of her creation for the author's hidden face.

Millicent Bell

In the Mind of Man

The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness by Erich Fromm

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $10.95)

In this new book, Erich Fromm goes to prehistoric man and, in discussing archaeological findings concerning the very earliest forms of *Homo*, declares that access to man's "primary human experience" can be gained through our own self-knowledge. "We dream symbols and myths that are like those men thousands of years ago conceived when they were awake." For Fromm all human experience is unified, not by evolutionary progression, but by the uniqueness of the specifically human situation:

> Man's life cannot be lived by repeating the pattern of his species. *He* must live. Man is the only animal who does not feel at home in nature, who can feel evicted from paradise, the only animal for whom his own existence is a problem that he has to solve and from which he cannot escape . . . He does not know where he will arrive if he goes forward . . . Indeed, in the process of man's self-creation his relative stability is upset again and again.

He concludes: "Indeed, what has often been considered man's innate drive for progress is his attempt to find a new and if possible better equilibrium."

Fromm samples the historical record from the earliest archaeological fragments down to detailed clinical interpretations of Himmler, the sadist, and Hitler, the destroyer, in order to see whether, as now is commonly supposed, man is innately destructive, or whether instead specific historical conditions evoke or facilitate destructiveness in individuals of a particular character orientation. His answer is unequivocal:

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destruction is not innate. Under certain human conditions, sadism, which seeks to control the life of others, and destructiveness, which is hostile to life as such, are solutions—rooted in passionate characterological strivings—to the dilemmas of existence. But other, biophilic solutions are also possible, for individuals, for groups, and in principle, for *Homo sapiens*. If human social existence has an imperative, it is toward the furthering of life itself, of growth, differentiation—hence freedom. Thwarted or unlived life turns sour and rancorous, mobilizing the ever present human potential for envy and despair. Along with Lewis Mumford, Fromm's historical account suggests that the nonliterate early hunter-gatherers lacked not only modern man's power to destroy, but also the thirst for vengeance and the rage of envy endemic in societies more technologically advanced, patriarchal and stratified.

Before coming to the human record, Fromm treats at length the work of the ethologists, especially Konrad Lorenz, convincing this reviewer that the popular idea of aggression as a pan-mammalian response is as much a distortion of ethological findings as Social Darwinism was of Charles Darwin's findings. Fromm is extremely critical of Lorenz's confusion of two kinds of "aggression," namely what Fromm calls defensive aggression in the service of the species or the individual, and destructive aggression, which, as mentioned just now, is rooted in human passion, although it can be induced in animals by zoo-like conditions. It is Fromm's contention that modern man (as compared, for example, to the Mbuto pygmies charmingly if a bit romantically described by Colin Turnbull) lives caged in a metaphorical zoo, not so much because of physical crowding as because of the feeling of powerlessness to control one's social environment, whether this be one's family, one's neighborhood or one's armed but vulnerable nation-state.

Fromm, however, is no more sympathetic to wholly environmentalist explanations for man's conduct than to instinctivist ones. His critique of Lorenz is matched by his treatment of Skinnerian behaviorism that could lead either to the sort of sardonic pessimism Huxley expressed in *Brave New World* or the dry-sweet optimism of *Walden Two*. Fromm has examined studies of the neurophysiology of the brain and followed some of the literature in human genetics to clear the ground for his insistence that man's existence can never

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be wholly controlled, let alone understood, by behaviorist techniques. No man is wholly determined, wholly powerless. Each of us is responsible for his own fate in some measure, and hence for the fate of us all.

Further Fromm has no sympathy for the relentless environmental determinism of an American form of Lysenkoism—which by making "brainwashing" seem feasible leads quickly to despair, or by making revolution also seem easy, leads equally to despair when naive hopes are blasted. For while Fromm regards himself as a Marxian socialist, a radical, his clinical work as a psychoanalyst has made him profoundly aware of the constraints on change that are rooted in character. For him this suggests that revolution can only succeed when it proceeds simultaneously in the realm of values and religious symbolism, in the social and economic structure, and in the heart as well as in the mind of man.

I am not competent to judge Fromm's critique of the ethologists, although it is my impression that he underplays lethal intra-specific aggression among, for example, rhesus monkeys not at the zoo. Similarly while it seems self-evident that nuclear weapons make possible a scale of mass destructiveness pretechnological man could not attain, I am not persuaded that what Fromm calls cybernetic man is more destructive than those precursors who depended on blood and scarification as the bases for initiation rites, whatever the beauty and meaning of the religious symbolism. Fromm has immersed himself in the fields of primate behavior, prehistory and ethnography with a certain temptation, it seems to this reader, to overstate a good case. But he comes into his own in his psychoanalytic discussion of necrophilia, a discussion illuminated by analysis of dreams of patients.

The book contains compelling psychobiographies of Himmler and Hitler, based on secondary sources and on personal communications from Albert Speer, aiming to show it was not only in the childhood but in the later development of these men that the sadism of the one, the destructiveness of the other, was engendered. In the example of Hitler, Fromm suggests why Hitler was able to conceal, from himself as well as from many others, the extent of his hatred of life: German life no less than Jewish or Polish life; the life of his friends and servitors, such as Eva Braun, as well as the life of his opponents. Thus Fromm hopes to make more interesting and complicated the world's picture of Hitler (and in this I believe he succeeds) as well as to warn us against the veneer of the gentleman bourgeois that can conceal, in an actor as skillful as Hitler, coldness and hostility. We can understand Hitler, and we can understand the Greeks or the pygmies, by our ability to get in touch with our own unconscious, our own potentialities for good and evil, for rational passions (such as love and curiosity) and for irrational ones (such as the perversion, in an individual or a group, of necrophilia).

Freudians of neither the orthodox right nor the radical left have understood the degree to which Fromm himself is directly in the tradition of Freud. His seriousness is evident in an appendix that traces the origins and vicissitudes of Freud's theories of the instincts and which is a brilliant contribution to the sociology of intellectual life. Fromm is in Freud's tradition in relating the psychological and human sciences to the biological sciences as well as (though in a different spirit) to religion, mythology and the humanities generally. Freud was reductionist in his use of chemical and biological paradigms and metaphors; like any other thinker, even the greatest, he relied on the concepts of his time while partially transcending these. Fromm has been pretty much disowned by orthodox psychoanalysts for rejecting what this reviewer, himself a disciple of Fromm, has regarded as Freud's Rube Goldberg variations on themes of libido and aggression which, however ingeniously refined, today seem nonsensical. But Fromm is sufficiently devoted to Freud to try to rescue the kernel of truth in such wild metaphors as that of the death instinct according to which entropy was insufficient and protoplasm would need to have built within it a self-destruct "instinct."

Fromm has been assailed from the Freudian Left for his supposedly shallow optimism as against Freud's cosmic pessimism, resting on the death instinct. In an Epilogue, "On the Ambiguity of Hope," Fromm briefly dismisses both optimism and pessimism as moods leading to passivity, in the case of the former because nothing needs to be done. The prophet in him pleads for a rational faith, at once empirically grounded and emotionally committed. What happens to man depends neither on his animal inheritance, which endows him with a useful legacy of defensive aggression but no inevitable legacy of destructive aggression, nor on the idolatrous worship of history or progress. He sees Freud's concept of Eros as suggestive of the binding power of love that is capable of uniting men and women into larger groups in which there will always be tragedy, always dilemmas and conflicts, but in which mass destruction based either on alienated indifference or on characterological destructiveness can be overcome.

A review can offer only the bare bones of an interlocked series of arguments. The value of this book lies in its details more than in its generalities. Fromm is a superlative clinician with a rare sensitivity to the nuances of character. I find him less satisfactory as a social clinician when his subject is contemporary industrial society, which he tends to see as technocratic, rigid, lifeless. His picture seems to me overdrawn, pervaded by distaste for the bourgeois and especially for the lower middle class. It is hard for Fromm to realize how large his own audience has become since *Escape from Freedom* (1941) and how many readers will share the comfortable feeling that they too have rejected "plastic" America, its greed and inauthenticity. Yet in this book Fromm will trip up careless readers who believe they have already got the message. His true recruits are not countercultural hedonists, but disciplined, faith-full radicals. Even those, like this reviewer, who cannot follow him to that point will find engrossing the many-faceted picture of man that emerges in the clinical analysis of varieties of aggression, benign and malignant, so that the very term "aggression" will no longer be as readily used in loose analogy with Lorenzian geese or Hobbesian wolves.

David Riesman

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Vietnam Epic

The Tale of Kieu by Nguyen Du trans. and annotated by Huynh Sanh Thong

(Random House; $6.95; $1.95 Vintage, paper)

Huynh Sanh Thong's translation of *The Tale of Kieu* makes readily available for the first time a work considered by Vietnamese to represent their literary best. The *Tale*, a long poem written in the early 19th century by Nguyen Du, a diplomat and court mandarin, is at once an epic, a novel, a romance and a veiled complaint against the misuse of power and social injustice from an official whose continued service in the Nguyen court aggravated his sense of shame and lost order. In the original it creates dazzling poetry around themes of love, degradation, and human and heavenly justice. The beauty and broadness of its scope, coupled with Du's decision to write in Vietnamese demotic script rather than in the more prestigious Chinese and also to choose a verse form popular in the folk literature, have made his work a favorite to Vietnamese of all classes and political persuasions.

Although our war is now over, the book comes to us nevertheless with a kind of urgency. Gloria Emerson, one of our good writers about war's effects on Vietnamese lives, reminds us in her preface that "we were illiterates in Vietnam." And Alexander Woodside, a scholar trained in Vietnamese history, notes in his historical background that "Western readers . . . may well gain more real wisdom . . . from this one poem than they will from reading the entire library of scholarly and journalistic writings upon modern Vietnam which has accumulated in the West in the past decade."

The story, which Nguyen Du borrowed from a minor Chinese novel while on a tribute mission to China in 1813, has as its hero a heroine, the lovely Thuy Kieu, who sells herself into prostitution in order to raise a bribe to save her family from false accusations brought before a corrupt local official. Having already made a proper vow of love to a young scholar, having been visited in a dream by the sisterly ghost of a courtesan, and, with disaster at hand, having appealed to heaven in vain, Thuy Kieu's misfortunes set into motion a question entertained in each episode: "How does one remain honorable and true to himself when worldly circumstances force him into corruption, when Heavenly Justice is distant and silent, when possibly even one's deeds in a past life may be corrupting one's best resolve?" Many of Saigon's bargirls, and some of its corrupted officials, have compared themselves to Kieu.

Justice, love and personal salvation are the themes of the tale in which Kieu is beguiled by pimps and dandies, punished by a cruel mandarin, betrayed by a weak-kneed, infatuated young scholar, tortured by his jealous wife, and rescued momentarily by a great-hearted rebel king who is perhaps modeled on the Tay-Son rebel, Nguyen Hue. In Du's time, Nguyen Hue's rebellion shattered the calcified and crumbling dynasties in the north and drove out the Chinese armies in a New Year surprise attack which was the conscious precedent for the 1968 Tet Offensive. Ruined again by diplomatic treachery, she is saved finally, after being befriended by Buddhist nuns, by her abandonment of pride, passion and attachment to this world, so that at the end she is reunited with her family and first lover. On her lute she plays for him the melancholy songs of her youth . . . which she now plays with a joyous air.

Nguyen Du wrote the *Tale* in 3250 lines of rhyme-linked couplets, using a form popular in the folk tradition: a six-syllable line rhymes with an eight-syllable line. Beside the fixed rhymes there often occur random, internal rhymes and such an intricate weaving of alliterations and assonance that one wonders how Du managed to save his clear word sense from such overwhelming word sound. In addition the musical pitches of Vietnamese words are patterned into arrangements of sharp and even tones.

Although weak in some ways, Huynh Sanh Thong's translation is good. He uses an unrhymed iambic pentameter, a form that is nearly as familiar to us as the 6/8 is to the Vietnamese, but which may carry unwanted associations, especially because here it thumps so regularly to a syntactic close at the end of every line. When the admirable Kim Trong appears ("astride a colt he rode with slackened rein") the verse is so regular that it may wrongly recall the horse-prancing, say, of Chaucer's ridiculous Sir Thopas. But while Mr. Thong runs a risk of unwanted association in the iambic, he often uses it with the

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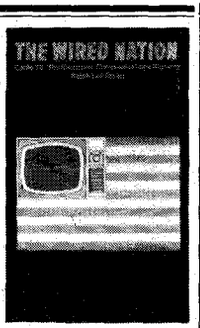
effect of the original, as when he continues to say of Kim Trong that "nature and nurture both had formed his mind." Sometimes the translation is too solicitous of the reader and the result is a diluting of the peculiar flavor of the original: Petrarchan-like hyperboles are relaxed and we are mistakenly protected from cultural concepts and antique phrases (which probably seem odd even to a modern Vietnamese)—Kieu's sister's eyebrows are *net ngai*, literally, "curved like silkworms," not merely, as Thong translates, "two full curves," and Kieu's name is written in the *tap doan-truong*, literally, "Book of Torn-Boweled Persons," not just "The Book of The Damned." Thugs and betrayers become Westernized into "myrmidons" and "knaves." Despite these shortcomings, Mr. Thong's translation is a skilled achievement. Aside from a poor prose translation available only in Saigon, it is the only English translation. We are lucky to have it.

John Balaban



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The Boys on the Bus by Timothy Crouse

(Random House; $7.95)

US administrations and the press have seldom enjoyed that romantic attachment in which mutual abuse is promptly followed by mutual embrace. And as long as we keep clear of a dictatorship, in which the embrace of government and press would be as of python and rabbit, we can expect only scattered truces in the struggle between the White House and the more aggressive newspapers. Crouse, a contributing editor to *Rolling Stone*, is brightly and cuttingly anti-Nixon, but he calls attention to adversary relationships far more intricate than a feud between newsmen and the President. *The Boys on the Bus*, subtitled *Riding with the Campaign Press Corps*, is long and crowded (in the fashion of campaign buses). Under the spell of Crouse's gift for anecdote we may overlook the intricacies of the adversary relationship running through Campaign '72 and the reasons why its coverage was with a few honorable exceptions embarrassingly inept.

Rolling Stone sent Crouse to write up the men who wrote up the campaign. In California, New York, the Black Hills—and in a White House pressroom that was once a swimming pool and had a touch of luxury that invited people to relax—he saw lazy reporters to whom news handouts were as welcome as free champagne. He also saw distinguished reporters whose reputation for superhustling galled the others. As they sat in the same buses and planes week after week covering the activities of the same candidates, the lazy ones and the backbreakingly diligent newsmen began to act as if they belonged to a single oath-taking brotherhood. Sharing drinks and smokes, these reporters soon pooled their efforts in what the trade contemptuously calls pack journalism, herd journalism or fuselage journalism. In short the typical adversary relationship between reporter and reporter had broken down. Fatigue, Crouse holds, was one of the causes. Boredom was probably another. For most editors stifled initiative, were martinets about objectivity, and were ready to throw a reporter to the wolves if he investigated the truth of a candidate's speeches. Again and again editors tossed out interpretive reports as well as stories produced by sedulous digging but contrary to AP dispatches. Deviating from AP, as the more conservative saw it, was like trying to update the Holy Bible.

An adversary relationship also developed between newspaper owners—85 percent of them reportedly Republican—and a few editors who were stiff-necked McGovern enthusiasts. In some instances they churned out editorials supporting the Democratic nominee and in one notable case the publisher found his own pro-Nixon editorial shunted to an inner page and printed as a letter.

Observing the White House press corps, Crouse had doubts about this "strange mixture of professional witnesses, decree-promulgators, cheerleaders, hard-diggers, goldbricks, and gadflies." More of Mencken in this rhetoric than God's truth, but Crouse admits that along with tired old men who downgraded the job as a sinecure, White House correspondents included "young and ambitious types, the future Tom Wickers and Max Frankels." Ziegler was conscious of an adversary relationship with these fellows. He moved the pressroom far from his own office, which became a kind of temple accessible to the favored few, the "journalistic Prufrocks" who "measured out their lives in handouts."

Aging non-Prufrocks talked nostalgically of the 1940s when reporters crowded once a week into the Oval Office and tossed questions at Roosevelt or Truman without laboring under a time limit. The Ziegler method, in fascinating contrast, was modeled on the theme that brevity is the soul of security. On days when peculiarly embarrassing questions were in store for him, he managed to reach his press conference late. Even the most ruthless reporters, though they had him squirming, let up soon to meet the ruthless deadline of the wire services. Crouse in fact gives Ziegler points for an arrogance only short of his master's, pictures him as treating a newswoman whose questions were notable for their toughness "as if she were a wino who had wandered in off the street," and credits him with a knowledge of administration secrets that was brought into doubt by John Dean's Watergate testimony.

Crouse's chapter on Watergate is short—probably a rush job. Yet it touches

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key questions about the role of the press as illustrated by the case of Woodward and Bernstein, the *Post* reporters who turned a "third-rate burglary attempt" into a historical phenomenon. The *Post* exposure of the phenomenon excited not only angry and obscene denials from administration bigwigs but also stirred up adversaries in the press itself. Editors who said ho-hum when the *Post* charged Haldeman with controlling a secret fund nevertheless published Ziegler's attempted refutation. Their hostility, backed up by administration complaints that the *Post* was "an Eastern elitist paper," blunted the force of Woodward and Bernstein's attack and, as they acknowledged, prevented them from affecting the election.

While the adversary relationship between the *Post* and the White House left no visible mark on the '72 election, the cozy relationship between McGovern and all but one or two of the reporters who joined him on the campaign trail wasn't precisely an advantage to the South Dakotan. In the hopeful days before the Eagleton fiasco the newsmen on his two press planes tended to regard him as a biological sport, a nonpareil idealist who had condescended to play a political role. Had they looked critically at McGovern's programs and shaken off the lethargies of pack journalism, they might have written things that would have put the senator on his mettle. That is to say, despite Nixon, Agnew and others who have carried on naggingly against the sins of the press, the adversary relationship between newsmen and politicians may in the long run work more good than evil.

Under chapter heads like "The Heavies" and "More Heavies," Crouse has done colorful profiles of reporters who refused to go along bodily or intellectually with "the boys on the bus." Jules Witcover, who made "the press's first and last attempt to deal with the insularity of the White House," is one of Crouse's heroes. John Osborne is another. Crouse's robustly frank book is more profane than *The Front Page* and faithful in reproducing newsmen's talk as Hecht and MacArthur never dreamed of being. Tales out of school don't automatically produce a bestseller, but *The Boys on the Bus* has a brace of virtues likely to do well in the marketplace: wit, a bouncy style, meticulous observation, and evidence of amiability behind the author's investigatory instinct.

James Walt

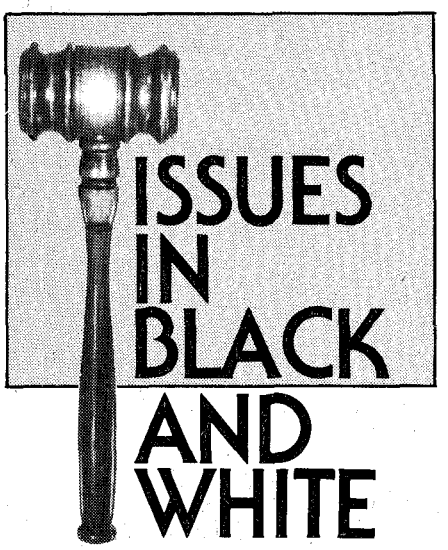
Wonderful Stuff

The Secret Life of Our Times: New Fiction from Esquire
edited by Gordon Lish
(Doubleday; $12.95)

According to Tom Wolfe, who contributes an introduction to this fat and pretentious book, "Under [Gordon] Lish's tutelage *Esquire* has become the magazine that serious short-story writers in America are most eager to be published in." What about *The New Yorker, American Review, Fiction, Sewanee Review*, as well as all those little magazines of serious purpose? The truth is that *Esquire*'s dent on contemporary fiction is considerably smaller than is suggested in Wolfe's introduction and Lish's foreword. That is not to say that we should not be grateful to, and for, the Magazine. The market for short fiction is indeed pitifully small; but *Esquire* has persisted in providing space for short stories and has published a fair amount of work by young, relatively unknown writers. The magazine has a wide readership in the editorial offices of the book industry, and doubtless appearances in it have helped deserving writers find publishers for novels and story collections. So, say a word of thanks.

Lish's foreword is a document of surpassing self-absorption, unwittingly emphasizing what is wrong with *Esquire* fiction under the "tutelage" of Lish. With all of the egotism of Richard Brautigan and none of the charm, Lish puts the focus squarely on himself: "In means and materials, these stories show what's been happening with me—and inasmuch as I take on faith the universality of human feeling, what I also believe has been happening with you." And what has been happening with Gordon Lish? For starters:

> My principal concerns are paralysis, death, family, home, the things people live with, the violence that is in us, flight from all these concerns, a piece of brisk whistling in the long-toothed dark [*sic*], and God, I just can't get enough of that wonderful stuff; and the older I grow, the hurrieder [*sic*] I get. I've no time for the languorous devel-



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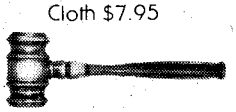

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opment of a vision, nor for the ceremonial transition from first *see this* to now *see that* . . . Give me conclusions, not arguments, and don't tire me with proofs of logic, or madness. I'm in a frenzy to find out if you've got something I can *use*.

Zap! Powee! Fiction as . . . instant gratification! What's all this jazz about the complexity and ambiguity of the human condition? Give us the answers, and give them to us *now!* Be *relevant!* That, with only a couple of exceptions, is precisely what the contributors to this volume do. More often than not the setting of these stories is urban, the mood contemporary urban malaise. There is a lot about insanity or other, less dramatic forms of disaffection. Drugs, whether hallucinatory or medicinal, are taken in quantity. From time to time characters drift, Kerouac-like, along the bleak American road, heading (of course) from nowhere to nowhere. There is a bunch of sex, but this is *Esquire*, not *Playboy*, so we get no graphic details. There are a couple of Vietnam stories, no better or worse than other Vietnam stories.

The writing is solid enough, the Hemingway hang-up that dates to *Esquire*'s earliest days is flourishing. Six hundred and forty pages of it can be powerfully soporific. Almost everything here is competent, but so little of it is genuinely interesting, so little of it really engages the reader. There is a pervasive sense of flatness, of ennui, of jejune disengagement. Coming across the collection's one story of certifiable brilliance—John Barth's lovely, lively, witty and knowing "Dunyazadiad"—is like coming parched, fatigued and irritated to a Saharan oasis.

All of this I blame squarely on Lish, who does not seem to know what either fiction or an editor should do. The first, needless to say, is to a large degree a matter of personal taste, but it seems to me that Eudora Welty was right when she wrote that "fiction has a private address." She meant by that that its proper concern is not with the political or sociological crisis or fad of the moment, but with the large and mysterious matters of the human heart and mind. Fiction, Tom Wolfe notwithstanding, does not need to worry about competition from the "New Journalism." It occupies its own terrain, and each writer must determine how to explore it.

Jonathan Yardley

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

Over the Thanksgiving holiday I read with delight a curiosity that follows the lead of *Winnie Ille Pu.* It is called *Ave Ogden* (Little-Brown), a rendering into irreverent Latin of some of Nash's better known verses, most of them on the subject of animals. Small, inexpensive as books now go, it might easily slip by you as a book only for children or captives of Latin 1. The child and adult proficient in Latin, able to recognize wit in that heavily rhetorical tongue, will enjoy it; for others there is ample provision of the English originals. Besides the charm of such titles as *"Strep., Crep., et Frag"* ("Snap, Crackle, Pop") for the wonderful lines "Breakfast foods grow odder and odder;/It's a wise child that knows its fodder," there is the beguiling *"Mediationes de Glaciem Rumpendo":*

> *Sacch'rum Est gratum/Sed liquor Celerior. ("Candy is dandy/But liquor is quicker.")*

The translators (James C. Gleeson and Brian N. Meyer) use some fine Latin neologisms of their own to match Nash's, and some lovely turnabouts. When Nash, who loved Latin, puts Latin into a title, they translate it into English in the *Latin* version. The illustrations by Ken Maryanski are properly raffish. *Admiror,* te, Ogden Nash, *et al.*

Last week I acknowledged my addiction to a book of photographs of grotesques (in the main) by Diane Arbus, and argued that these were not so much the result of the photographer's class-produced guilt or unethical and perverse attraction to the freakish (as Susan Sontag has suggested), as a hard-eyed yet compassionate view of tragically trapped humanity. After the turkey feast had me properly chastened, I looked at the Random House collection of 80 photographs of *Alfred Stieglitz,* with text by Dorothy Norman who is an expert on the great photographer. Stieglitz wrote in 1921: "Photography is my passion. The search for Truth my obsession," and from 1883 when he bought his first camera until his death in 1946, during the years in which he operated one of New York's most influential art galleries, this re-

Wrong number?

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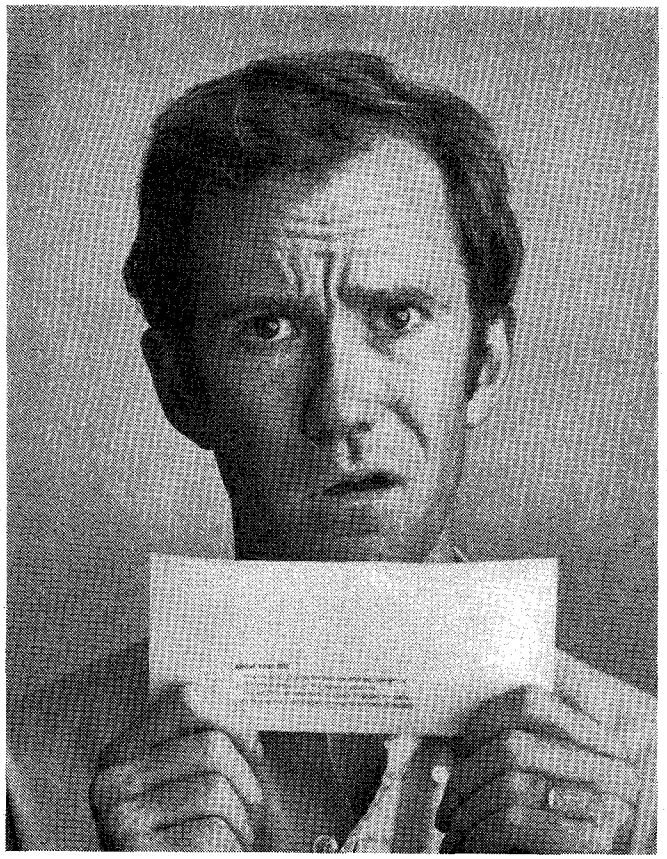

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mained true. His first published book (1897) was called *Picturesque Bits of New York;* the title defines truth in the large sense for him. Often it meant landscapes blurred at the edges and thus full of contrasts, cityscapes with smoky horizons, stark chiaroscuro of sky and assertive skyscrapers. We are aware as we look at his pictures of New York and of Lake George, of "a great Innocence" in his work, the dreamer-innocence opposed to the realist-innocence of Arbus. His wife (Georgia O'Keefe) found his pictures "spiritually significant"; there is a romantic scrim between them and us. The edges of the city haze into what might well be deceptive and delusive beauty. Like the written word, the camera allows us as many kinds of reality as there are eyes applied to the view-finder. *Stieglitz* is almost a history of American art, art-collecting and the growth of the importance of photographic art in the 20th century.

Edmund Wilson was furious with the Center for Editions of American Authors' Approved Texts, publications issued under the aegis of the Modern Language Association. He found their publications, such as some of the Melville editions, stodgy and cumbersome, laboring under the unnecessary weight of critical apparatus, appendices, lists of variants, etc. He wanted to see great American works published in editions that were cheap, easy to read, attractive to handle. The *Illustrated Walden* (Princeton University Press) now available would have pleased Wilson. It is well printed (offset), well bound, and illustrated properly with good photographs of Concord and the Pond by Herbert Wendell Gleason (1855-1937). Slipcased, and with an index, but minus all the heavy critical apparatus of the original 1971 edition, this book comes close to the ideal of an American classic produced with loving care urged upon us by Wilson. The historical introduction by J. Lyndon Shanley is careful and readable and necessary for a beginning explorer of the beauties of *Walden.*

There are those persons who live in the shadow of the lives of the rich or the talented or the famous, who seem to be little more than efficient satellites to Stars, whose lives are full of quiet, unassuming devotion and service. Alice B. Toklas was such a woman. She lived with, served and loved Gertrude Stein for much of her adult life, and when Miss Stein died, she was desolate. Edward Burns has gathered together and edited this collection of letters that Alice wrote, from the telegram on the day of Gertrude's death (1946), until just before her own in 1966 at 89 when she wrote to some relatively new friends: "Do come back soon. I shan't last forever."

There are many touching places in *Staying on Alone* (Liveright). Most every letter contains some mention of her friend. Often she remembers a place or a time simply because at that time or place "Gertrude was never happier." Her visitors are important to her if they come to see her "to talk about Gertrude." She remembers her tenderly yet truthfully. To Mina Curtiss she writes in 1949: "She [Gertrude] was a thoroughgoing democrat with a nice touch of arrogance." Her heartbreak at Stein's death never healed: "I stay on here alone," and "There's not much courage left to go on with." The recipes that spice these letters were the ones she cooked for Gertrude, and she recalls them because "Gertrude's memory is all my life." "I have so many things to do," she wrote in 1949, but all the things she had to do were Gertrude's: to promote and help with the publishing of her manuscripts, to hold on to (unsuccessfully, it turned out) or dispose of the famous paintings as needed, to keep in touch with her vast circle of friends, acquaintances and doughboy devotees, to defend Gertrude's reputation against all criticism, to hate the books and articles and persons who attacked her, and to cherish and love those who admired Stein.

In many ways she was her own woman, these letters make clear, but always and at the same time a special kind of gentle, yet fierce acolyte at the shrine. To Carl Van Vechten she writes a long letter full of references to "Baby" (one of the more comic traits was their habit of referring to each other as "Baby Woojums (Gertrude), "Papa Woojums" (Carl), etc.) and then ends: "Well to the kitchen quickly."

Her need to serve was never more poignant than after the death in 1952 of one of the white poodles, Basket. She writes: "And so it is the beginning of living for the rest of my days without anyone who is dependent upon me for anything."

Much that is less well known about Alice comes out of these letters. Despite such pictorial evidence to the contrary she confesses (in writing about their protegé, Pierre Balmain): "But we do love clothes don't we." She was a perceptive reader and critic, an early admirer of Paul Bowles, Ivy Compton Burnett, Virgil Thompson. She was a faithful friend, especially to the work of old friends. In her last years she became a convert to Catholicism, an act one feels, especially designed to reunite her with Gertrude. "It suddenly came to me—where was Gertrude. She is there waiting for us." She was dispossessed from the apartment at 5 rue Christine where she and Gertrude had lived all their Paris days, lost most of her vision and her pictures, and the little money on which she lived so frugally. But she never lost her sense of herself. For her, the penumbra was comfortable; in it she kept her wit. Of her old friend Harriet Levy years later when Harriet was in her 80s and had written her *first* two books which she sent to Alice, she said: "It has been my exceedingly difficult task to write to her about them because oh dear she should have restrained herself just a little longer."

Gilbert Harrison, who knew Alice and Gertrude in their later days, has written a short, anecdotal, biographical homage to the woman who wrote before her conversion: "Dead is dead but that is why memory is all and all the immortality there is."

It Is *the Breathing*

Nine hundred miles away I hear the
breathing.
Under the Oxygen, the little flippety
door
moves open and shut, open and shut.
It is the breathing that keeps her alive
and somewhere under the lonely tick
of the clock
the air comes on like muffling
comforters.

She is standing at the window
gasping for air she breathed in
ninety years ago. She hears the wind
in her ears but the leaves hang limp.
They are calling her to come over,
come over.

She steps out the window onto the
keyboard
of the old Knabe grand. Its leaves, its
grapes,
its lion feet uphold her. Now the river
is running through Grand Street
and on her piano raft, she floats away.

ANN DARR

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

observed, is Ruth's, not Teddy's: not just because she was born in this neighborhood but because she is like a queen of sexuality moving into a kingdom that has been waiting for her and for which she has been waiting, a life more complex and powerful than her American domestic existence. Of course there are literal explanations for the offer from Max and Lenny. Lenny is a pimp and there is a strong implication that Ruth was a tart before marriage. (Max's shocking denunciation of her the instant he sees her turns out to be true.) All the terse teasings of the play—with the water glass, with Ruth's lines about her underwear (prefiguring *Old Times*)—even the comic reduction of the bedbout with Joey, are meant as part of the underlying mystery of sexual contest, more than the literal story of a seemingly conventional wife being revealed as a whore.

The actors are so strong in their shadowed roles that they make connections with darknesses in us. Paul Rogers, as Max, is a sly old mastiff, magnificent in his sibilance and growl. Ian Holm, as Lenny, is quietly vicious, with a streak of irate fear meant to suggest, I think, sexual impotence. Joey, the nonbright son, is hulkingly played by Terence Rigby. Ruth is Vivien Merchant (Mrs. Pinter), silken, secret, insolently strong.

The two newcomers to the cast are that lovely Irish actor Cyril Cusack, who plays Max's brother Sam with nervous vindictiveness, and Michael Jayston as Teddy, the professor. Jayston managed to be good as the czar in the flabby *Nicholas and Alexandra;* here he gets a better chance and makes the most of it.

A word, too, for the soundtrack recorded by Robert Allen with a sharp ear for levels. Sounds of plates and doors, the rustle of Ruth's stockinged legs as she crosses them, become part of the drama. Under the titles (there's no music except when Lenny plays a record) we hear the rummaging of Max in cabinet drawers for a pair of scissors. It's a wonderfully fitting, comic, bare overture.

Pinter wrote his own screenplay. So far as I can make out, this consisted principally of inserting a couple of silent scenes outside the house, one glimpse of Lenny in his room, and the transfer of parts of a few scenes to the kitchen. That's all that was needed.

A fine play is now a fine film. It's a safe bet that generations to come will be glad that it exists.

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can go
this Christmas.

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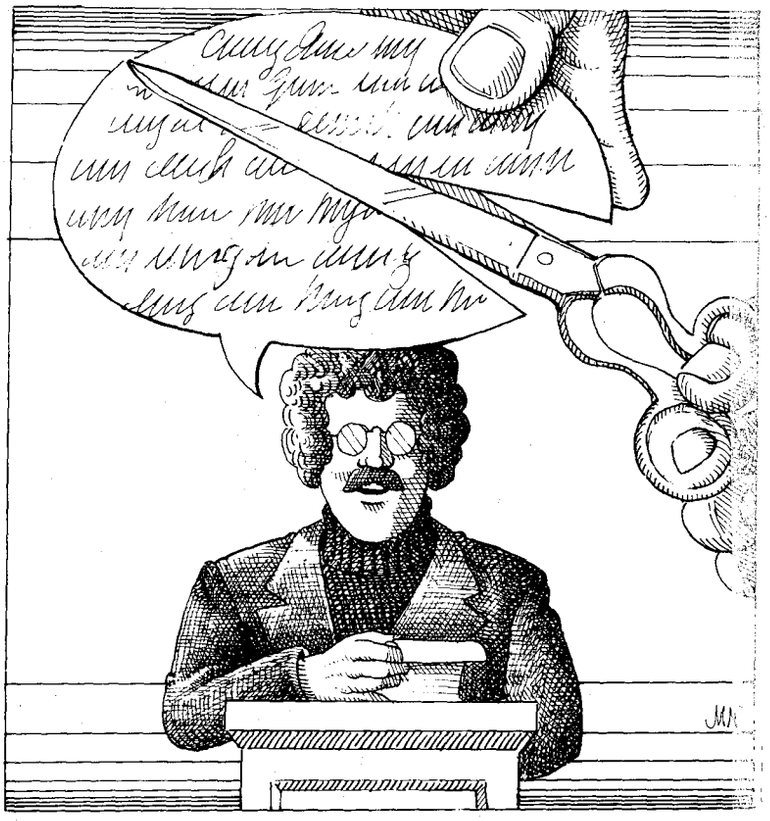

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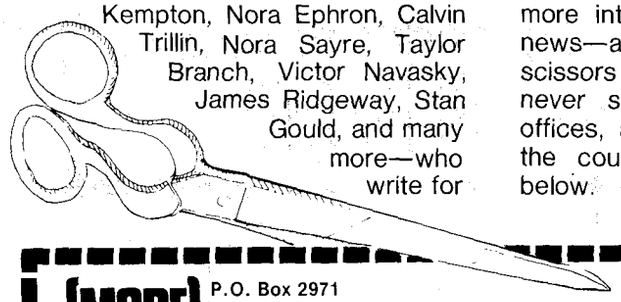

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